Next Month

and later

THE MATERNITY RACKET

Bettie Dilbeck

The fearful sentimentality, the overdelicate search for coy euphemisms that characterize the commercial angles of certain institutions of ours (notably the conventional undertaker — or should we say mortician?) are unmercifully probed in this article and are found to be flourishing also among those who cater to expectant and young mothers. "It is a sweet, gentle racket," says Miss Dilbeck, "and invokes erudite, pseudoscientific dissertations intermixed with lovely sentimental twitterings." But don't let that fool you. There's money in it.

IMMORALITY IN OUR SCHOOLS

Geraldine Courtney

The author is a high-school teacher of long experience and, in addition, lives near a college campus. Her disclosures of the extent of the moral wandering of today's adolescents lead one's thoughts back to those Flaming Youth years of the 1920's, which we had thought were gone forever. In view of the subdued reports of civic agitation over just such conditions which have recently been emanating from widely scattered parts of the country, we think that teachers and parents and maybe a few college deans will have a keen interest in this article.

FAREWELL SUBURBIA

Farnsworth Crowder

The story of why a young couple moved back to the city. Suburbia, in many ways, was a pleasant place. It was clean, restful, modern in facilities for sports and the children's education. But the people who lived there made it, in the end, a backwater. "Suburbia," concludes Mr. Crowder, "lives in chains. It simmers along, self-absorbed and smug in its economic competence. We met exceptional people in Suburbia, but most of them were not of it. They just had their addresses there."

OTHER FEATURES

"The Jews — Self-Made Martyrs," by Maurice Feuerlicht; "Life after Death," by Denis Conan Doyle; "We Who Have a Rendezvous with Death," — an anonymous article; "Vaucluse, a College for Middle Age," by J. H. Wallis; "The Fate of the Semiclassic," by Ford Madox Ford.

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THE BOOK FORUM

NORTHWEST PASSAGE — Kenneth Roberts (Doubleday, Doran, $3.00).
OLIVER POLLOCK — James Alton James (D. Appleton-Century, $4.00).
MARRIAGE — Léon Blum (Lippincott, $2.50).
NIGHT BETWEEN THE RIVERS — R. L. Duffus (Macmillan, $2.50).
HART CRANE — Philip Horton (Norton, $3.00).
RODIN, IMMORTAL PEASANT — Anne Leslie (Prentice-Hall, $3.00).
THE LAURELS ARE CUT DOWN — Archie Binns (Reynal & Hitchcock, $2.50).
BONAPARTE — Eugene Tarlé (Knight, $4.50).
BEST SHORT STORIES, 1937 — edited by Edward J. O'Brien (Houghton Mifflin, $2.50).
VICTORIA FOUR-THIRTY — Cecil Roberts (Macmillan, $2.50).

PREPARE for unconditional surrender before you attack *Northwest Passage*, by Kenneth Roberts. The book is captivating and utterly disarming of criticism. You will finish it with the sense not of having read a good historical novel but of having lived through the stormy days of our French and Indian War. The fabulous fighter Rogers, who led the expedition through the wilderness to destroy the St. Francis savages, is your stalwart friend and then at last your unhappy enemy. Rogers lives and drinks mightily, runs riot in London, conceives vast exploits, survives inhuman defeats. He is a romantic hero, a guileless villain, a historical fact.

Kenneth Roberts, who rescued Rogers from source-book obscurity, does him proud. The other characters who walk the New England forests with him or help him search for the northwest passage to China are of Rogers' own proportion. There was principally Langdon Towne, the first artist ever to paint Indians; then the girl Elizabeth, beautiful and a shrew; rufous Sergeant McNott, who married an Indian princess; the wily English generals; and a host of others. There are love and humor in this magnificent book and flavor in the full sensory meaning of the word. Best of all, after the first impetuous pleasure of the story itself, there remains the satisfying knowledge of a shrewd and fresh approach to pre-Revolutionary American history.

ON the wings of such fiction we come up to 1776. James Alton James carries on from there with *Oliver Pollock: The Life and Times of an Unknown Patriot*. Pollock was the perfect antithesis of the flamboyant Rogers. Quietly, steadily, he contributed influence, great sums of money, and his whole energy to winning the Revolutionary War. It was his integrity, together with a knowledge of Southern affairs, that secured Spanish help from New Orleans for the American cause. It was his forethought and his supplies that assured George Rogers Clark's conquest of the Northwest.

In the end poor Oliver, like many an ardent supporter, got small thanks — not even repayment of money loaned; and all his immense help was forgotten. Professor James, working on a life of Clark, discovered Pollock and set about his rehabilitation. The personal facts about the man were few enough. But Professor James, clever historian that he is, has so built in the background of life in early Louisiana, of trade and politics, that the rather touching story of Pollock's ardent work and sacrifice comes alive.

SEVERAL months ago Marjorie Dobbins Kern argued provocatively in THE FORUM that European men make better husbands than Americans. "Where the European differs most from us," she wrote, "is in his realism. He recognizes man's weakness instead of closing his eyes to it." In proof whereof she might have pointed to a volume called *Marriage*, by no less a personage than the recent Premier of France, Léon Blum.

This extremely realistic and convincing book was written when M. Blum was very young. That he has not altered his fundamental thesis, witness the twenty editions of *Marriage* printed since he came to office. Simply, persuasively, he pleads for honest understanding of human emotions and instincts. Most emphatic is his argument that women should be allowed the same freedom of experience as men. Then, going even further than the anonymous FORUM author (May, 1936), who called monogamy an art, M. Blum maintains that it is rather a science, to be arrived at by the method of trial and error. To illuminate his theories, he tells a fascinating lot of stories from the lives of his friends — and even from his own. Candor such as this might have written *hic jacet* over the political grave of one less sincerely concerned with social problems.

Throughout the book there is a sanity, a patience with mankind's frailty that will endear it to any thoughtful reader. Whether or not you agree with M. Blum, his forthrightness is commanding.

IF you check off all the people you know, it's ten to one that the nicest of the lot are the romantics. They are the gentle, the generous, the peace-loving. They should inherit the earth. But they probably won't, unless —. Around that hopeful *unless*, R. L. Duffus has built *Night Between the Rivers*, a novel that is at once tender and immensely controversial. His story concerns two of the people you'd like most in the world: a sensitive, tolerant, wise woman and a man who can stick to brave, if somewhat quixotic, principles. Against these quiet and independent individuals are lined up all the harsh organized forces of society on the night of a general strike in New York. Willy-nilly they are drawn into the battle, together with a roomful of others whose witty conversation contends with the rattle of machine guns in the streets.

It is part of Mr. Duffus' skill that neither the talk nor the fighting sounds false. Even when, at moments of great suspense, action gives way to discussion, his story remains intensely real and moving. For all those who, like Mr. Duffus, cry out for "a chance to love and no need to hate," *Night Between the Rivers* is required reading.

A FULL century lay between John Keats and the Amy Lowell biography of him. Shelley was not well chronicled until long after his death. And, as for the precocious Chatterton, his story is remembered but not because of the competence of any Boswell who dogged his eccentric steps. America's great poet-who-died-young, however, now has an entirely worthy biography produced within the decade of his dramatic suicide. Philip Horton, in *Hart Crane, the Life of an American Poet*, has created a unique and substantial literary event.

An air of finality, of perfect dependability attends the humane substance of this volume. A poet — at best a hard creature to explain to a prosaic world — is here investigated with all the tact of a cultured biographer and interpreted with the skill of a scientist.

Hart Crane, it appears, was a sensitive Middle Western boy. Doomed to spend his childhood in an atmosphere of family quarrels, he was also destined to struggle for maturity and stability in the vertiginous post-War years. To the confusion which seemed Crane's legacy, recurrent unemployment was added. While the reckless outer world swung from war to boom to depression, the poetic world hectically survived Dadaism, vorticism,

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and a dozen other fads. *Isms*, indeed, sought to buoy up the frail vessel of verse just as they offered to save the overloaded freighters of the political trade. And all this strange spectacle appears as the background for the personality of Hart Crane.

Liberal aid from the poet's friends has given his life an immediacy rare in the usual century-late biographies. The competence of real scholarship appears in this book without any of its mannerisms. Nothing is dull, nothing tawdry in Mr. Horton's skillful portrait.

THE world would be a much drearier place if we allowed graybeards to do all our writing for us — particularly on the subject of graybeards. With the enthusiasm and the impertinence of youth, an Irish girl named Anne Leslie has written a heartening and sprightly life of that bewhiskered genius, Rodin.

Herself an artist's model, Anne Leslie first became interested in the sculptor when she was posing in Paris for his friends. Who was this strange man, almost unknown until he was 60? The elemental creative power of the peasant seemed concentrated in him; yet he could surpass the academicians in his delicate skill with hammer and chisel. Miss Leslie felt so drawn to the already legendary figure of the artist that she hunted out everyone who had known him, and she found just the kind of flesh-and-blood material biographers so often lack.

In *Rodin, Immortal Peasant*, she recreates a man with cyclonic habits of work — a turbulent, egotistical, deceitful, magnificent artist. Intimately but with tact she sketches the amorous life of the man whose promiscuity survived 50 years of companionate marriage, describes his bizarre wedding with the faithful Rose and its touching sequel in her death two weeks later. Here is a book as feminine as its subject is masculine and as frank as its hero is formidable. With something of his own fine immediacy, the author has translated into words the life of Rodin as he translated flesh into stone.

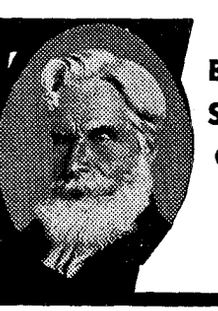
OLDER, more experienced writers may well envy Archie Binns. His new novel, *The Laurels Are Cut Down*, is stamped with sure, confident craftsmanship, the serene work of an artist who knows what he is about. Yet the book is a very modest one. Without the least pretension, it tells the story of two boys who grow up in the vast timber country of the Northwest, have their taste of love and adventure, and then find themselves bogged down with the American army of intervention in Siberia. Only one of them returns to face in his own courageous way the bewildering changes at home. Here is material that, in other hands, bad fireworks might be made from. Mr. Binns indulges in no such display, but his reserve is rather that of a man intent on growth. Sensitiveness, an acute love of nature, and a compelling honesty are the good soil in which he has his roots.

A NEW biography of Napoleon makes the Little Corporal a bigger figure than ever. Eugene Tarlé, in *Bonaparte*, does this not by the old balloon (Ludwig) method of blowing him up but rather by cutting away from round him certain historic underbrush that usually obstructs the view. Most biographers either idolize or excoriate. Tarlé does neither. He is no press agent for a superman and he likewise rejects the feet-of-clay formula. He points instead to the feet of gold bestowed on his great subject. France's biggest businessmen needed Napoleon, so the argument runs, and hence he rose to power. Tarlé's correlation of economic forces with Bonaparte's rise and fall is what marks his work off from that of most scholars in the field. The chronicle is fresh but balanced and stable. Twenty-five years of work have gone into making it, and the result is an excellent biography, of the highly provocative sort.

EVERY year Edward J. O'Brien goes a-gunning in the fiction fields, and this time he has flushed a covey of excellent game for his *Best Short Stories, 1937*. With the perennial Faulkner and Hemingway and Saroyan come an altogether admirable lot of newish writers. And they seem to have revived the old notion that a story-teller should tell a story. Here are none of the inflated anecdotes that for a long time have been almost our only alternative to chromium-plated products of the slick-paper magazines. If suspense has come to replace mental fidgeting and plot can raise an honest head, Mr. O'Brien's selections herald in the change.

FROM London's great, gloomy Victoria station, the Arlberg-Orient express leaves daily at half-past four. France, Austria, the Balkans lie along its route, and its passengers are as varied and extraordinary as the world can produce. Cecil Roberts in *Victoria Four-Thirty* sketches with an easy pen the story of the temporary inhabitants of this sleeping-car world. The train does not leave in the first paragraph, but the characters are in motion long before the journey starts, and they continue long after the last wheeze of the engine has died in Athens.

HAVELOCK ELLIS'
PSYCHOLOGY OF
SEX



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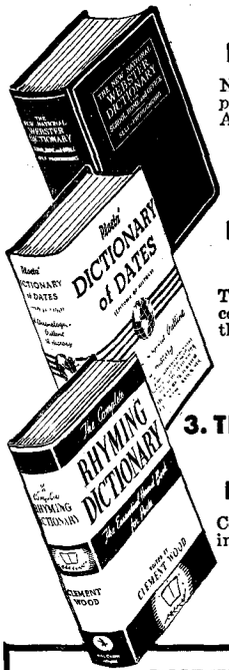

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OUR ROSTRUM

These columns are open to brief letters commenting upon any article or subject that has appeared in THE FORUM. *Because of space limitations, the Editor must reserve the right to publish letters only in part.*

At about the time (April, 1937) that THE FORUM *published Emil Ludwig's article, "The Causes of the Coming War," another monthly magazine appeared with substantially the same article under a different title. Mr. Ludwig as well as the editors of the two publications wish to make it clear that this was the result solely of a mistake by a European literary agent and that no fault attaches to any of the other parties involved.*

MAN AND THE APES

To the Editor:

Your "Apology for Man" [by Earnest A. Hooton, June FORUM] has come, and I have read it aloud to my staff. On thinking it over I find myself quite three distinct persons — all of them wholesouledly enthusiastic. First, I am a reader, delighted with the diction. If it were even the peroration of some senator asking for more insane asylums or paroles I should still enjoy such grand mouthfuls as "forlorn fleshy promontory" and immolation "on the altar of evolutionary inefficiency"!

In the second place I am very much myself, a scientist and explorer and considerably an anthropoid ape. I have lived among wild animals and splendid savages for long periods of time, and to me most of Hooton's arguments are truisms, and his facts self-evident. It all lines up with Carrel's warnings. When I go willingly to war I am a pacifist but when I visit jails, asylums, and "homes" (which I never do) my suppressed desires if pragmatized would only, I fear, be "chaste in Martaban."

Your paper crystallizes the ghastly cruelty of the sanctity of human life when intimately associated with disease, dementia, or crime and our wholesale subanimal disregard for it if it is healthy enough to attempt to withstand gas, steel, and cooties. . . .

Thirdly I am just a confused one billionth of the not-quite-erect humans walking this planet but with a life overflowing with the joy of contemplating stars and fish and birds and, for the rest, all too rare associations with the best of my kind I can discover. The thought of my fellow beings straining their eyes and ears for details of the nine tenths of what we call news in newspapers and radio arouses only a great pity. It is such papers

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THE editors of THE FIGHT have gathered between the covers of one issue (August) the complete story of Spain.

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Our Rostrum

as Hooton's, together with planetariums, whatever there is of friendliness in religion, and editors like you which make for hope.

WILLIAM BEEBE
St. Georges, Bermuda

TRACKING DOWN INFLATION

To the Editor:

It would require a book to express in detail my agreements and disagreements with the interesting articles of Rex Parker and Raymond Hamlet White [debate: "Must We Have Inflation?" July FORUM]; for, in part, I agree and disagree with both.

. . . . . .

(1) The question, "Is inflation inevitable?" should be altered to read, "Is *further* inflation inevitable?" for we have already had inflation since March 4, 1933. . . .

(2) Not only have we had inflation ever since 1933 but, prior to that time, we have had incessant inflation and deflation, except between 1922 and 1928. . . .

(3) While . . . stabilization . . . should be the chief aim of monetary policy, the first step toward it should be a corrective inflation or deflation to offset any recent rapid and great previous "flation" in either direction.

(4) For instance in 1933 we were suffering from a recent rapid and great deflation so that a corrective inflation was needed. . . .

(5) But such corrective inflation . . . ceases to be corrective as soon as it has proceeded up to the level at which the then outstanding debts were, on the average, contracted. We have now nearly reached that level. Any great inflation beyond this level would be as terrible a curse as the deflation. . . .

(6) The question remains, "Is such further inflation inevitable?" Even thus expressed the question is ambiguous. It may mean, "*Will* such inflation come?" or, "*Need* it come?"

(7) Answering the last first, I should most emphatically and confidently say, "No." . . .

(8) As to the question, "*Will* further inflation be prevented?" I am not so sure. My guess is that it will be. . . .

. . . . . .

IRVING FISHER
New Haven, Conn.

To the Editor:

With great diffidence I venture to express my opinion about the debate on inflation appearing in THE FORUM for July. I conclude from a careful reading of both arguments that Mr. Parker thinks we are going to have inflation because he thinks we are going to have inflation. On the contrary Mr. White thinks we are not going to have inflation because he feels sure that we are not going to have it. . . . No doubt they both did their best. . . .

LEONARD P. AYRES
Vice President
The Cleveland Trust Company
Cleveland, O.

UNCLE SAM SAYS UNCLE

by BERTON BRALEY

To the Secretary's Secretary,
Said the Secretary of State,
"Today is the day when it's necessary
To bring our formal, epistolary
Apologies up to date;

"We have a duty which must be done,
Apologizing to everyone!

"Apologize to the Japanese
For a note in the Bolivar Daily Breeze
Which says the Emperor of Japan
Is not a God but a mortal man;

"Apologize to the Soviet
Expressing humble U. S. regret
That certain American editors ain't
Convinced that Stalin's a perfect saint;

"Apologize to Der Führer, too,
For speeches of various people who
Do not agree with the Nazi view;

"Apologize to Il Duce for
What someone's said of his threats of war;

"And, while you're at it, apologize
To the legendary Akhound of Swat,
The Rajah of Bong and some other guys
(You'll find the names on the list
you've got);

"Did some American raise a storm
By saying Kemal was 'not so warm'?
— Apologize in the usual form!

"Did the Mayor of Bingville slightly jar
The pride of the Sultan of Zanzibar?

"Did an evening paper in Kokomo
Suggest Albanian trains are slow?

"Did a priest in Oskaloosa pan
The lack of churches in Martaban?

"Did any American, here or there,
Knock a potentate, anywhere?

"Write a note
Or a memorandum
Saying we're sorry
We ever panned 'em;

"Take a letter
Of our regrets
To Hindus, Zulus, Arabs or Letts,

"Expressing sorrow to all and each
For our American freedom of speech;

"Tell 'em we're sorry we cannot shoot
Makers of speeches which do not suit."

(We're certainly getting to be, of late,
The most apologizingest state;
And as Diplomacy that is swell
But — oh to tell 'em to go to H — l!)

Elinor Ames'

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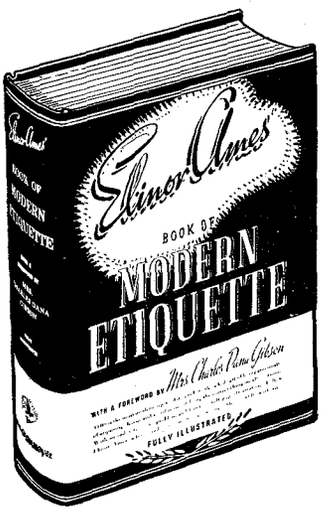

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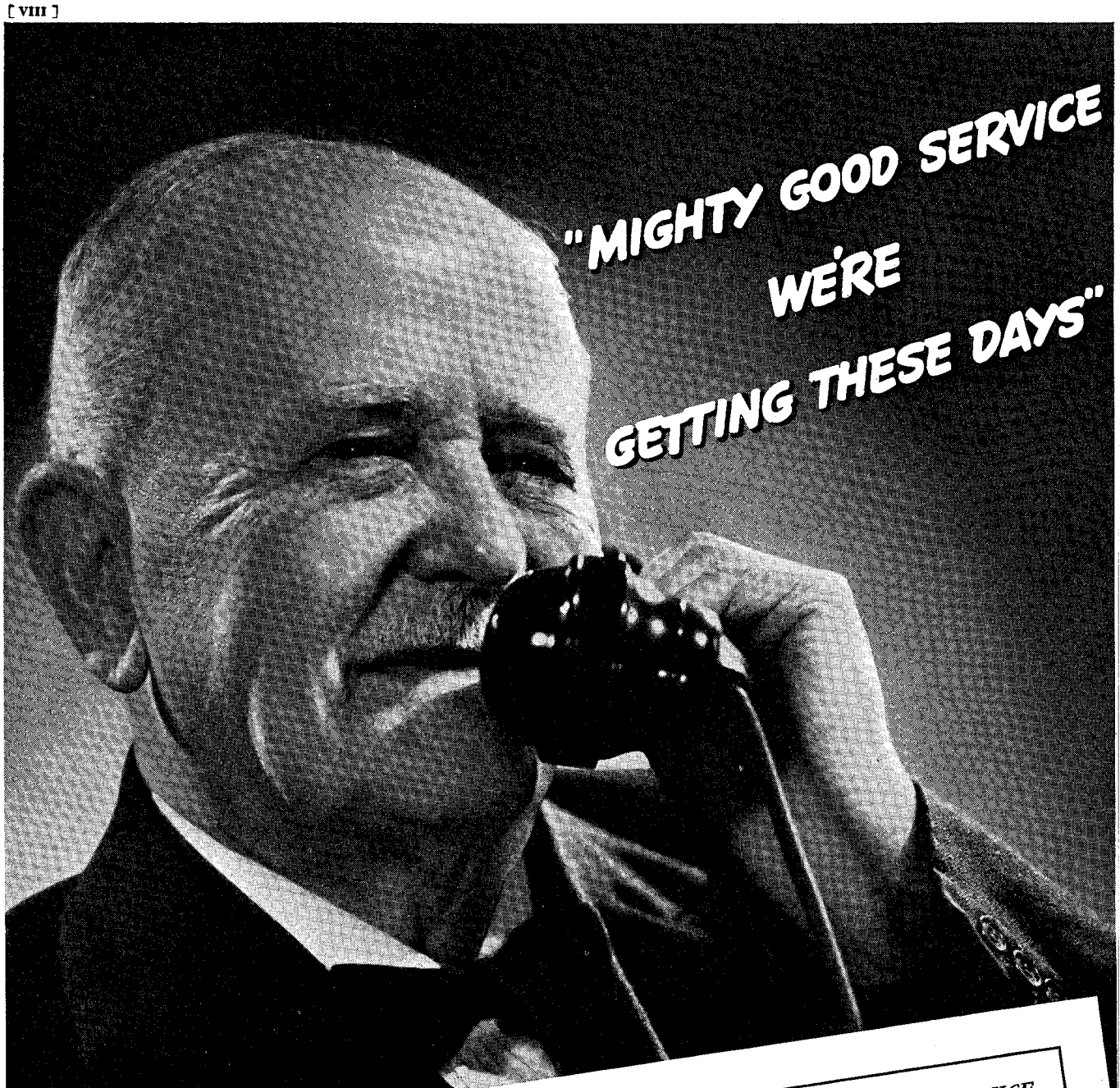

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F O R U M

and Century

AUGUST, 1937 VOL. XCVIII, NO. 2

Keeping Out of War

by THE EDITOR

It is possible that 1,000 years from now historians will say that we were premature and futile in attempting to set up in our relatively primitive state of society any devices to ensure peace. They may tell us now that the same biologic urge that made men fight with fists and stones in anthropoid times and with coats of mail and swords in the Middle Ages will force us to test to the uttermost the destruction we can produce by the new weapons of gas and germs created by modern science. We hope not. Some military men, however, take the position that only devastating fear will ever eradicate war.

Andrew Carnegie was, of course, premature. A few years before his death he was invited to put up a building to house all the many peace societies in New York. He replied, laughing, that there was no need for such a building; education and reason were making such strides that soon war would seem ridiculous and peace societies be forgotten. Carnegie was wrong about the strength of the peace movement, but the stimulus he and others gave to the sober study of war prevention was enormous. Today, throughout the United States the peace of the world is no longer an academic question but a subject of really serious conversation everywhere.

Eleven Points of View

This public interest in war prevention was evident when The Forum, a few months ago, invited a cross section of leaders of public opinion to express themselves on the proper ways and means of keeping America out of the next big war. The fervor of the replies showed how vigorously our people have been discussing foreign affairs in recent years, and the variety of the answers indicated that independent thinking is not yet completely regimented among us. The ways and means of keeping out of war can be classified in four general groups and eleven different categories, ranging all the way from the stout-hearted big-navy people to the meek but equally resolute nonresisters.

The first group of answers to the Forum questionnaire was aggressive and rather military in tenor. There were four categories of method here: national defense, Anglo-American alliance, Pan-American alliance, and defense of democracy. The old-fashioned big-navy patriots are still with us, believing that we must speak to nations who scoff at peace in their own hard language. Again, those who advocate a naval alliance with the English-speaking commonwealths, to police the world, make a very strong case indeed. A

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Pan-American military combination, however, seems somewhat too idealistic. The fourth class, those who believe we must keep out of war only until democracy is threatened, concede that our historic emotions, when democracy is menaced on another continent, will overwhelm any mechanical devices we set up to restrain ourselves. For this school of thought it is the function of the United States to defend democracy wherever it needs defense, whether at home or abroad.

The second group of war preventionists subscribes to the new neutrality doctrine. It includes three categories: locking the gate, mandatory embargoes, and discretionary neutrality. This group is most vocative at present and has produced the recent so-called neutrality laws in Congress. The extreme isolationists would have no intercourse with warring nations. Under the Pact of Paris we have a right to treat any belligerent nation as an outlaw. Such a formula is simple but one likely to lead to economic chaos. The Secretary of Agriculture estimates that, if we could not sell to a world at war, the government would have to spend astronomical sums keeping us employed domestically. Similarly, mandatory embargoes against warring nations, just as they seem, would lead to all sorts of ill will and economic dislocations. They would be hard on Mr. Hull's treaties. We can imagine a battle between two belligerent fleets in one of our own harbors struggling to get possession of an American barrel of flour. It remains to be seen whether the new neutrality will keep us out of war any longer than the old formula of freedom of the seas.

If we are to outlaw trade with nations that commit the folly of war, the aggressor nation deserves severer treatment than the nation attacked. It would be better to make embargoes discretionary and leave it to the executive to use his best judgment in the national interest. For every new war is pretty sure to offer situations so novel and extraordinary that no law can anticipate them.

Happily, some discretion is allowed the president in our last "neutrality" act, of April 29, 1937. The embargo on exports of arms and ammunition to all belligerents and regions of civil strife, as well as traffic in the securities of belligerent governments, is mandatory. Prohibition of the sailing of citizens on ships of belligerents is also automatic. Further embargo on nonmilitary goods and commodities in general, however, is left to the discretion of the president. A "cash-and-carry" plan is to be tried for two years. American ships shall not carry goods that the president declares contraband; the belligerent must come to our ports and fetch them.

The third group of American war preventionists advocates economic rather than military pressure. There are two categories, those who recommend sanctions under the Pact of Paris and those who would have us strengthen the League of Nations by joining it and employing sanctions against aggressor countries. The first set of students calls to mind that sanctions might have been employed effectively to keep Japan out of Manchuria, if Sir John Simon had been willing to co-operate with Secretary Stimson. The League of Nations adherents point to the first experiment in sanctions, employed against Italy, and believe it would have been more successful had the United States participated at the first invasion of Ethiopian territory.

The fourth war-prevention group consists of idealists: those who believe that the only hope of peace is a new social order based on some form of socialism or co-operation and the nonresisters, those who put conscience above country. They are in perpetual personal strike against war and prefer to suffer ignominies or death rather than engage in the traffic of mass slaughter. All honor to these Utopians; someday they will come into their own.

Where Peace Works

Under what conditions have nations in our day avoided war? The Scandinavian countries succeeded in keeping out of the World War and yet kept their honor intact. What was their formula? Superior intelligence is, naturally, one complete answer. We observe also that these countries are relatively poor in natural resources and do not excite unduly the military greed of other powers. We notice further that the Scandinavians always succeed in being actively engaged in trade and that they traded vigorously during the World War with the belligerents as well as the neutrals, as long as they were permitted to do so. We realize

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again that they were actuated by a passion to keep out of war, an eagerness like that which now stirs the farms of our Middle West. The shipping of Norway suffered far more from German submarines than did our own, but the Norwegians were willing to endure the pangs of an outrageous fortune. In the last years of the war, when Sweden was forced on rations by the Allies and every neutral Swede had to tighten his belt, a Swedish envoy who came to America to beg for food for his countrymen declared that there had been every inducement to drag his country into the war but that his people had been free from war for 100 years and were determined not to allow their fair fields again to be foolishly drenched by human blood.

The Danes, in the years before the World War, lived in dread that Germany would erupt across their borders instead of invading Belgium. A novel appeared, anonymously, giving the details of the German occupation of Denmark overnight. The chief political issue at that time was national defense. There were four leading parties, four points of view. The Conservatives wished to make every sacrifice for greater fortifications. The Liberals wanted merely to maintain the existing military organization strong enough to keep off a German invasion until the English could arrive to save Denmark. The Radicals were for demolishing existing forts because it was futile for Denmark to hold out in a military way. Patriotism should be manifested through superior civilization. "Our culture," they said, "will preserve us." The fourth party, the Socialists, likewise voted against national defense. Their argument, however, was that there was to be no war because their friends, the socialists of Germany, would refuse to take up arms.

It was a compromise that won out in Denmark before the World War, much as it is the new neutrality compromise under which we are operating today in the United States. The direction is toward pacifism, but the military arm is being kept intact. In the World War, Denmark was spared largely through the intelligent trading spirit of her people, who sold their butter to England and their cows to Germany until the last gasp, when they were compelled by the belligerents to slaughter their swine. The Danes endured many insults. Their diplomacy had to be as keen as the balance of an acrobat on a flying trapeze. But they emerged with peace and honor. And no landscape is more dotted with flags of patriotism than that of peace-loving Denmark.

A combination of superior education, reasonableness, and the economic open door is responsible for the success of the Scandinavians in practicing the arts of peace in a war-ridden world.

In these days when some international philosophers claim that war is purely economic and that nations fight only when they are cut off by other nations from fair access to commodities, the testimony of the Scandinavian countries gives us pause. General Goering should study this evidence. These nations are as poor in natural resources as Japan or Germany or Italy. Yet they have no urge for conquest. They get what they need by brains rather than arms. Out of sea and soil, by infinite patience and industry and by fine processes of applied science, they produce articles of superior quality that are necessities for foreign countries and are traded in for the cruder commodities which the Scandinavians lack. This suggests that the cry of Germany, Italy, and Japan for colonies is reasonable but not imperative, that there are other ways out. It also indicates that those countries are most blessed which are poor but intelligent.

Conference

The eleven different footpaths to peace that the American people today are eagerly exploring often seem to lead in opposite directions. Probably the exploring of each footpath will contribute a gain rather than a loss to the ultimate quest. But every direct route to peace is heavily obstructed, and it may be that the way around will in the end get us nearer peace than any of the apparently direct routes, even our new neutrality schemes.

There are several international moods and programs that we are practicing today which in the end may contribute more to the cause of peace than any mechanical apparatus that we set up. First of these is the conference. Americans take kindly to conference, for we are a nation of committees. If we can keep prospective belligerents in conference long enough, their wrath will eventually cool, and they will find grounds of agreement. The Washington

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naval holiday was a magnificent achievement, although it proved to be only an interlude. Every hour spent in conference that puts off war another hour is not in vain. Conference eventually wears down irreconcilable points of view.

We were a signatory to the Pact of Paris. It has not prevented war but it remains forever another moral obstruction against war.

In recent years the conferences to limit armaments in which we have participated have been discouraging to idealists. Yet even in the last conference some result remained, after the withdrawal of other nations, when Great Britain and the United States agreed to exchange their naval blueprints before proceeding to new construction. With unperturbed and smiling patience our ambassador-at-large, Mr. Norman Davis, goes from conference to conference, urging limitation and maintaining the constructive attitude that, however imminent it seems, there is actually to be no war.

International conferences should never adjourn but should labor day and night for the community of nations. At the present moment there should be sitting interminably an international economic conference bent on opening access to raw commodities, improving trade, and stabilizing currencies. The world needs a "world dollar."

Good Will

A second auxiliary force for peace is the cultivation of good will. President Roosevelt has capitalized that salutary emotion in his "good neighbor" policy. It does seem inexplicable that, after 2,000 years of Christianity, two Christian nations can fight each other. They could not, of course, do so if their religion were more than skin deep. Some see in the cementing friendship of religious fervor the only cure for the disease of war. Some look for the prophet of a new religion that will sweep nations into behaving toward each other as individual friends. Some have not despaired even of Christianity. By and large the most intelligent body of Christians is the Society of Friends. If all the Christians of all the nations were Quakers, Mr. Carnegie would be proved right. But the Quakers are still a consecrated few. Theirs is too quiet, too self-effacing, too intellectual a type of religion to be widely accepted in a primitive era of human progress.

One of the newest religious enthusiasms of the present time, also Christian, the so-called New Oxford Movement, is likewise pacific. The zealous friendships of this school exclude war. This cult includes several members of royalty and international political leaders. Its adherents cross distant seas to eager congresses. The president of the Norwegian parliament, who is chairman of an important committee of the League of Nations, is a member of this New Oxford Movement, which seems to him a vital force for world concord in the face of the heartbreaking mechanical difficulties.

Education

The third auxiliary technique of the peace movement is education. In general, greater enlightenment means less war. Temporarily, of course, it is not so; for we let the elaborate results of research, such as explosives, gases, bacteria, get into the hands of the wrong people. In the long run peace is but a by-product of education, which will go on forever, cycles after war has been banished from our little planet.

The reading of good books creates a forgetfulness of self and selfishness and sets up an aura of noble behavior about the reader's mind. Education promotes a planetary consciousness of good will.

Among the units working for international education during the past generation is the American Scandinavian Foundation. Quietly, effectively this organization has sponsored the exchange of scientists and thousands of students, of books and art exhibitions. It cannot, of course, be claimed that it is this educational activity which has produced peace between America and the pure Aryan neutrals. Peace was assured in advance, not by pride but by the intelligence of the High Nordics. When the United States entered the World War, the Foundation had to endure the skeptical headshakings of its friends from Denmark, Norway, and Sweden.

International Trade

The fourth auxiliary to the peace movement is, of course, international trade. In the kindly Victorian days, when British trade was at its zenith and the missionary spirit of good

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will abroad in all lands, the world had no time to bother about big wars. Today armaments are at a new maximum; today trade is more relentlessly restricted than ever before in the world's history. It may be that, when history is rewritten at some future time, in spite of America's international generosity — the astronomical sums advanced to the associated powers, the crusade for democracy in the World War, the feeding of Belgium and Russia, the gift of modern medicine to China, the pouring of billions into Germany for social rehabilitation — it may be that in spite of these acts of generosity she will be found wanting. Our failure to join the League of Nations may be declared an example of selfishness. Perhaps some of the woes of Europe, the fight for the necessities of life, the oppressive tariffs, the social unrest will be attributed in part to the walling up of the United States by tariffs and an artificial standard of living.

Happily, step by step, Secretary Hull's trade treaties are breaking the dam and relaxing international neuroses. The adventure with Canada has proved an authentic success. So have all the unilateral treaties thus far negotiated. The next important step in world history should be the consummation of a trade treaty with Great Britain.

To Be Concrete

Peace is a majority concept of the human race. What focus and direction is discernible in this confusion of counsel? Is it armament so effective that war becomes unthinkable? Or is it nonresistance and strikes against arms on the part of a majority of individuals? No, a drift to either of these extremes is unlikely.

Miracles have happened. It is somewhat of a miracle that any animals as turbulent, pugnacious, selfish, controversial, stupid, unreasonable as human beings have ever been able to organize themselves into states where human happiness is given a chance to increase. But what are the mechanical devices that ensure this gradual integration of good will and intelligence? They are, are they not, the courts and the police? In domestic relations we are not yet ready for a Utopian system of courtless and policeless society. In international relations we have not yet even reached the stage of a universal court and police system. But it is in that practical direction that efforts for world peace are tending.

It was the grandiose mind of Russia, at that time canopied by Czarism, that was most responsible for the first world court at The Hague. We now have a better world court — but its judgments are limited.

Much less developed than the court idea is the international police. A pooled military was tried with some success in China during the Boxer rebellion and on the Rhine after the World War. No doubt in the course of time naval "free ports" will be set up at appropriate intervals on all continents for the mooring of pooled navies. Similarly, districts like Luxemburg will be denationalized as training grounds for the associated land forces and the international air patrol.

Internal peace offers models. Duelling for long was supposed to settle disputes that were nonjusticiable. Now these matters can be adjusted in court without bloodshed. In one small nation as early as the eleventh century the people were so enlightened that they got along with a court without a police force. In fact they also did without an executive or a parliament, and taxes were almost nil. The courts functioned as lawmaking bodies, with penalties executed privately by permission of the courts and the backing of public opinion. The nation referred to is Iceland, now the most literate of all independent nations.

There is every indication that in the course of centuries we shall arrive at a world federation of nations with an effective court implemented by economic sanctions and enforced by an international police. That will not yet be the ultimate perfect human society, but it may take centuries of earnest trial and error on the part of friends of peace before we reach even that stage. Not so long, we hope.

Meanwhile no gesture toward peace is futile, not even parades by peace-loving women in the center of the corn belt, far removed from international frontiers. Our recent neutrality legislation is not futile. No arms conference is futile, even though it may not succeed in limiting armaments by as much as a single gun. And the process of daily education in reasonableness and intelligent good will must be encouraged in every school in every land under whatever form of government.

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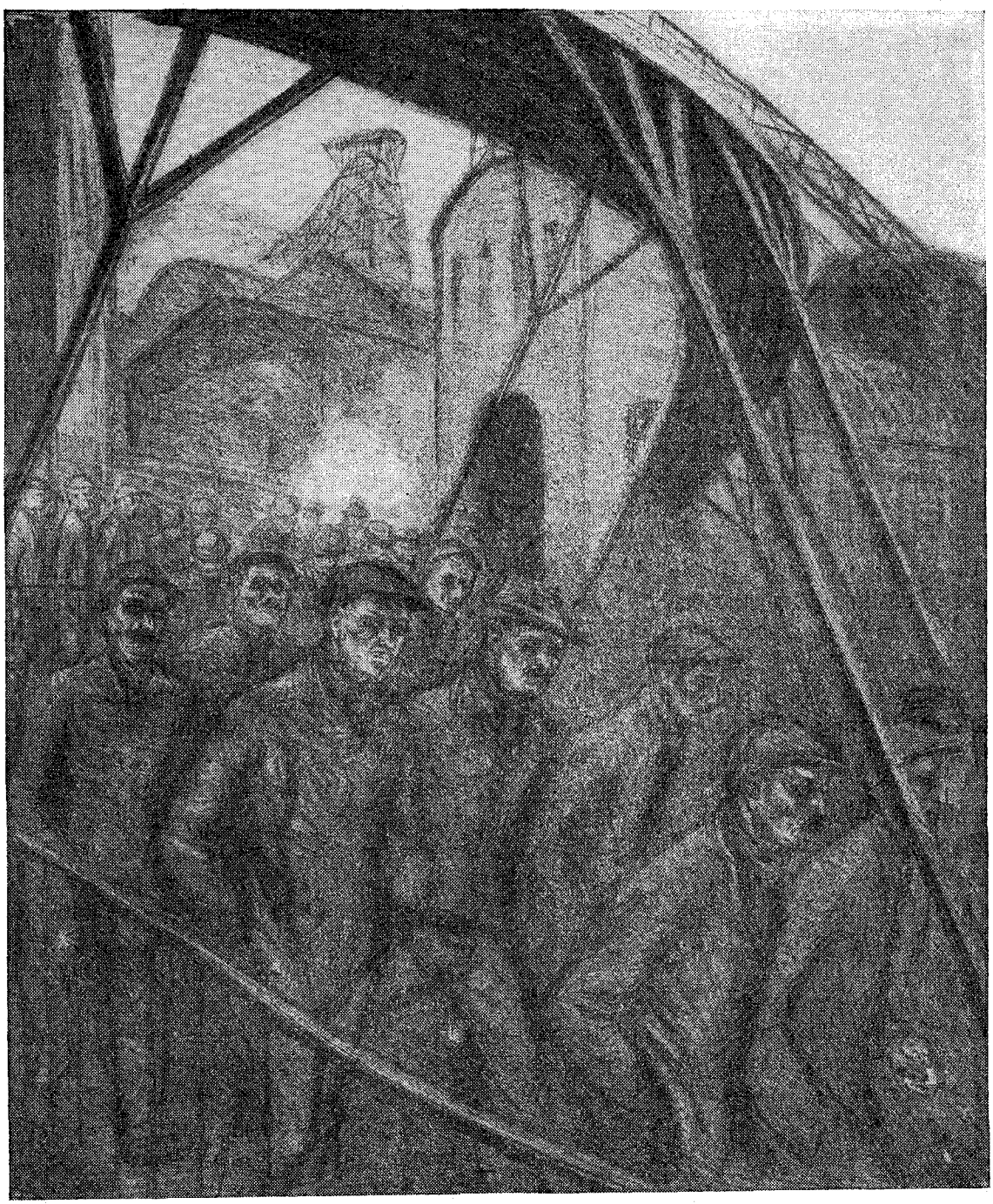
I Am a Labor Organizer



ANONYMOUS

By trade I am a welder and a good one, capable of making the top money that this job pays in industry today. By my own decision and choosing I am a labor organizer, one well established and producing results. As one of our selling points we advocate shorter hours and more money. Paradoxically then I break one of our basic tenets, as the wage for an organizer ranges from $48 to $55 per week, but I work twelve, sixteen, sometimes twenty hours a day for my salary, whereas, working at my trade I can make $46 per 40-hour week. But I took this job not because of any financial advantage — there is none — but to escape the feeling of frustration and futility in going to a factory daily and doing the same menial task and mingling with the same people five days out of every week. As a welder my style is

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cramped; as an organizer I am virtually a free man, with ample opportunity to use whatever creative ideas I may possess.

As an organizer I advocate, to men and groups of men, some things that I do not believe myself. I do this not entirely because I lack scruples but rather because the experience I am gaining in the actual combat of life and the philosophies of the men and women who toil in the modern factories I visit will sometime be useful to me and pay me dividends. I do it also to satisfy a hitherto frustrated ego; I take great delight in walking into the office of a high executive of an automobile company and telling him the rules by which we will play, telling him that, should he not care for our rules, we will stop the game for a while until he agrees to like them better, even though he thinks we are hitting a lot of foul balls. But I am getting a little ahead of my story.

I first gained confidence and prestige among my fellow workers simply because I possessed the loudest voice and a militant deportment to back up the voice. They found in me a man who would go to the front for them, and thus was vested in me the job of settling their grievances. Since I possessed a quick tongue, a goodly portion of common sense, and an ability to catch the management in its tactical errors, it was not long before my efforts in the shop were rewarded by undreamed-of concessions, in the shape of more money, seniority, and sanitation.

One night at a union meeting of our local, I made a particularly effective speech, which was overheard by the organizational director of the U.A.W., an affiliate of the C.I.O. The director got hold of me later, said he was impressed by my words and manner, and invited me to join his staff of organizers. I am a big man, six feet in height and weighing better than 200 pounds. He pointed out that this physique would prove a decided advantage to me and he was right; many times since have I been thankful that nature permitted me to grow to the height and weight I have attained. I debated the matter, pro and con, for some time, finally deciding to give it a fling, and I am now in the midst of things, working my head off. I am not working for love. If I have helped any persons through my work, it is only because in helping them I am first advancing my own future in this labor movement; and to gain anything in this world you have to give a little first.

Gentle Arts of Persuasion

In the old days, prospects used to be hard to get, but, since Roosevelt told labor to organize, the thing is amazingly simple, and we find difficulty in contacting all those eager for organization. Then, too, to add to our difficulty in finding sufficient time to line up the prospects, we have severe competition from the M.E.S.A. and the A.F. of L., although more recently this competition has somewhat abated by itself, as everyone seems to be C.I.O. minded. Our method, the vertical union as opposed to the craft, helps us a great deal also, as we can take everybody en masse — sweepers, truckers, toolmakers, metal men — throw them all into one common pot, and let them decide their problems as a class rather than as a craft. We are doing much to create, if nothing else, a class consciousness of the laboring people, who now are beginning to feel just as important and necessary in the general scheme as the business and middle class of American citizens.

Our tactics thus far have been fairly clean, and, although we have met some opposition, it hasn't been severe. Our, the organizers', main task is to attend meetings, at any hour of the day, and make speeches, which we can repeat in our sleep, and help settle grievances when called into a plant by a grievance committee. Most of the actual organizing is done by the men employed in the plants — at noon hour, before and after work, and in many cases during working hours. These men get the members, and we collect the money. Of course we suggest subtle means by which they can surround the enemy and bring him back alive, should he prove balky.

For instance, there was a man who drove an electric truck through a plant, carrying stock from one department to another. He was bitterly opposed to our methods and openly defied us. We fixed him in this manner. Everywhere he would go with his truck, he would find a box or a crate barring his way. While he was in the act of dismounting from the truck to move the blockade, a union member would sidle up to him and make this simple statement: "A union man doesn't find things in his way." I will give this fellow credit. He stuck to

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his guns for a period of better than two weeks but by that time he had moved so many boxes and crates that he was sick of the bargain. He joined.

Then we have another method, that of silence. Ignore a man completely and bar him from all your conversations, and usually he longs so for the companionship of his fellow workers that he is willing to sign to gain it.

Another favorite stunt is to hide tools — hammers, screw drivers, small drills. The "enemy" gets so weary going to the tool crib for replacements (and this also causes him the trouble of taking out more tool checks, which are charged against him) that he is generally willing to join to have peace.

These methods as outlined (and we have many others) are not actual force — just gentle coercion. The reader will probably argue that members obtained this way will be disgruntled ones and of small use to our ideals and aims. We grant that but, frankly, we are after their two bucks, and, as union business is big business and growing bigger daily, we are not squeamish about the methods used to gain our ends.

In several locals they have what they call flying squadrons — men who will go anywhere, at a moment's notice, to help picket or protect those already on the lines when in danger of being molested by police or hired thugs. These latter delight in pushing the pickets around if they are given the chance and if the number of picket men is so few that they will not run much chance of getting themselves hurt. Through these squadrons we have answered many calls for help, especially from places that have struck and sat down without the protection of a union. By sending our reserves, we have many times organized entire plants, just by our willingness to help them when in distress. Thus we keep in mind the fact that "as ye sow so shall ye reap" and through the untiring efforts of the different squadrons we have reaped plenty by enlarging our membership.

Lately, as the reader is aware, we have resorted to the sit-down tactics, and that they work and can close an industry down tight can be verified by reading any newspaper of the past few months. This is really force and is a violation of property rights, which is against the law — but we recognize the law only as long as it doesn't interfere with our plans; after that we ignore it. This sit-down method makes it plain to management that our forces are very strong, and that is the objective we are striving for — recognition. That men are exploited to make John L. Lewis, director of the C.I.O., a bigger man in the automobile industry does not cause us organizers to lose any of what valuable sleep we are able to obtain. We don't have to sit in the plants — ours is but to encourage the boys and point out that American industrialists have been sitting down on labor now for a long period of years, so it is their turn. For a while they ate it up but lately they seem to be tiring of their bargain, and, as sit-downs are more and more being frowned on by the general public, we will have to go into our huddle and figure out some new stunt that will keep the members' interest alive — the new ones clamoring for admission, the old ones regularly sending in their dues.

What the C. I. O. Wants

We are accused of harboring communism in our ranks. We don't deny this. We are, we figure, an economic movement — not religious, racial, or political — and we welcome anyone to membership as long as he agrees to support our stand and pay his dues regularly. As labor unrest is meat and drink to the communists, we have had a little trouble keeping these members in line, but thus far they have conformed to our policies and let the majority rule. As they grow greater in number — if they do — they may change things, but, for the time at least, we have them under our control. As communism, fascism, socialism all endorse and encourage three common policies — namely, the corporate state, revolution, and control by a dictated militant minority — then our movement *could* be given the name of any of the three. We believe at least in a quasicorporate state, as we think we should share with equality the profits of our employers. We believe in industrial revolution, and our policies are making labor history on the American continent; and gone are the days when it was the bosses' privilege to fire and hire indiscriminately. We may not as yet fully believe in the control of a dictated militant minority, but many of the strikes have been called in plants where our membership has been below the 50-per-cent level. Then, as our policies are dictated to us

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by Lewis and we in turn dictate to our membership, we have a dictated militant minority running the show and getting away with it, thus far, without open public censure.

What are our aims? I suppose all organizers are working, the same as I, to advance themselves as far as possible in the movement, not caring much whom they help or hurt. The real aim back of all the money and effort that the C.I.O. is expending is to build a labor empire, with John L. Lewis at its helm, to control both labor and industry. In this the C.I.O. recognizes no human right. Men were badly exploited in both the recent General Motors and Chrysler strikes; they may have thought they were fighting their own battle, as we did all in our power to sell them this idea, but they were really fighting for an ambitious but small group of men. This group, through the struggles and privations of many thousands of other men, as well as their families, is looking ahead to the day in the future when it will have built a strong labor empire or dictatorship under the very eyes of the American people, who will not be in accord with its ethics or principles.

No doubt the reader will be interested in the type of people that we are selling this extensive labor program to and the kind of argument we are using. For the majority I will say that they are anxious to fly our flag and that they really feel sincere in their enthusiasm. Many have never before belonged to a union, especially the younger men and women, and it is a new and exciting experience for them. They are easily sold, especially the workers in the lower brackets who have no trades and about the same amount of education. We realize that this group will in all probability cause us the most trouble, once it has become really union conscious, and may want to commit acts of violence against employers that even we could not condone; but for the present we are centering our thoughts on organization rather than future trouble or policy. With the older workers and especially those with trades and education, the sledding is tougher, but we manage to bring a majority into the fold and feel secure in the thought that in time we will have them all, in spite of any objections they may raise.

Most of the large group we have already organized are, to put it frankly, lacking sufficient education to see through the plans of the C.I.O. The smarter ones (and in each group or department can usually be found one or more bright boys who refuse to take our talk at its face value and want to analyze it a little) we put to work. We attack this problem by reasoning that men, like women, enjoy praise and esteem. So we pat them on the backs and tell them how smart we think they are — maybe buy them a meal or a few beers — and thereby make staunch supporters who would, if necessary, sell our policies in Hades. We always make it a rule when attending meetings of locals already organized and functioning, to single these men out and if possible talk to them for a short time. It makes their chests swell, before 500 or more of their fellow workers, to appear on intimate terms with the organizer. So they get our praise, which doesn't cost us anything, and we get the results of their work for us — so much so that we are barely able to keep written up the ever swelling volume of new applications and, incidentally, the two bucks that go with each.

Dog Eat Dog

Our methods of selling are trite but apparently as good as ever. We pound home the idea that all capitalists and employers are wolves waiting for the sheep (who are the workers) to come to the pasture (which is the factory). We tell the prospects that as they produce more they should receive more and that all they have been receiving is the bone that is left after the employer has scraped off the juicy meat. We have made a big play for the establishment of equality for the laboring man and have succeeded to a point where employees are almost willing to trade some of their liberty for this so-called equality. Roosevelt calls it social security; Coughlin called it social justice; we call it simply equality and drive home the fact that they should enjoy it in equal portions with their employers. Then we point out the things that their forefathers fought for (many of them lived and died in Europe and fought for nothing at all) — life, liberty, pursuit of happiness, and economic freedom. As industry is highly mechanized today, it is simple to point out the fact that conveyor systems and the speed-up are virtually sucking their life blood from them and that by organization they can change these things to better methods of their own.

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The laxity of our credit laws and rules is a big factor in helping us to gain membership, as it is not hard to sell a man or woman the idea of organizing for better wages when he or she has several bill collectors pounding the front and back doors. We admit nobody has to run up debts and obligate himself, but high-pressure salesmanship and easy credit have done much to burden the workingman; and we use these burdens he carries as selling points for organization to get better wages.

An hour or so of this type of harangue, and we have sold another bill of goods and move on to the next hall, leaving the details of signing applications, arranging for the charter, etc. in the hands of the local. We hold members responsible to our organization and accountable to their own officers, when elected, by the simple means of expelling them if at any time they should fall behind in their dues for a period exceeding three months. We make them repeat a pledge, when initiated, not to do this and that. In return we give them assurance of nothing of a definite nature.

As we sometimes have to use the gentler kinds of force to compel some of the recalcitrant into line and sign them up, so we also have to use force on the management when we go in to dicker for the men who have signed, voluntarily or by compulsion. We do this by holding the word *strike* over the employers' heads, and lately they have often been inclined to listen to reason. But the management uses coercive methods too, and we have to be prepared, at all times, to thwart its moves. Employers hire detectives to spy on us and our members; they hire thugs to beat up our members (especially in the smaller plants), to burn our sound trucks, to explode tear-gas bombs at our meetings, to try to get the organizers maimed; and, finally, all these things failing, they will tell us that, if we and our members do not want to build their product at their terms, they will move their plants to other sections of the country and start business all over again.

Employers continually threaten that they (and I am speaking particularly of the larger automobile manufacturers) will take many of the small parts that our members now make and assemble in their shops and give them to the smaller and often unorganized jobbing shops that are numerous in the district around Detroit. In many instances we have had to terminate negotiations and go out and organize the jobbing shop to which the management of the larger corporation was going to transfer the work. We have ourselves, the organizers, gone out many times and picketed plants that had no union and, by our apparent interest in the welfare of those inside, have succeeded in a short time in selling them virtually a closed shop. Then we would go back to the heads of the larger firm and tell them that it was their move but that we doubted whether they could successfully find a spot to move to.

Organizing as a Career

It is a tough racket and a bitter business, whichever side you happen to belong to. As a majority of the factories are now working night as well as day shifts, we spend most of the time when the average citizen is in bed attending meetings, some of which do not start until the shift is out, usually around three-thirty or four in the morning. You have to have steel nerves and a good physique to stand the grind. You also feel obligated to drink when you don't want to, smoke when you would prefer not to, buy all sorts of tickets for things that (even if you could spare the time) you wouldn't go to. People seem to think that an organizer is probably a wealthy person, but the truth of the matter is that a lot of our members are earning, in fewer hours, more money than we are.

But it is interesting work and, no matter which way you prefer to play the game — on the square or by cheating (both methods can be used if it seems necessary) — a man who has some common sense, who doesn't allow his heart to be affected by the things that come into his head and the things he makes speeches about, a man who is supplied with plenty of what we will just call guts, will get by and advance to bigger things under the banner of the new labor regime that is being born today. And, as most of the organizers, like myself, rose from the ranks of the working class, I solace myself with the thought that, if I can't advance, I can retreat into the factory again. Then pretty soon someone else will come around and give me the sales talk, filled with verbosity and sophistry, that I am dishing out today.

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THE SELF You Have to Live With

by **WINFRED RHOADES**

When scientific thought and method were yet in their incipiency, a man could believe that "lice, swallowed alive, are a sure cure for the yellow jaundice" or that there exists in the brain of a fresh-water perch a stone which is "very medicinable against the stone in the reins" — such things a man could believe and not suffer any serious mental or emotional consequence. Misconception, warped judgment, credulousness, self-deception, quirks, whims, crotchets — things of that sort, in matters scientific, may be entirely compatible with a calm and mellow disposition and a decently good and sane sort of life. But when misconception, warped judgment, and all the rest exist because one has refused to accept manifest facts and has even refused to look for them, the result may be very serious indeed. It may be serious not only in its effect on one's worldly condition but also in its effect on the health of one's mind and body, on one's happiness, on one's whole adventure in life.

Jack Rollop, for example. Never, in all his more than a half-century of years, has he acquired the habit of looking life straight in the face and seeing it in the clear, sharp light of actuality. Facts have been to him things not quite facts. He has not even developed the habit of asking what *are* the facts, a good deal of the time. He has dodged evidence. He has fooled himself. He has kept his mind in a realm of unreality. Things as they are he hasn't liked: therefore he has made a practice of living as if things are not as they are. He wanted this, that, or the other and he did his best to get what he wanted. He thereby kept himself harassed by debt. If he wasn't in debt to someone else, he was in debt to himself. Next month's stipend was spent before it was received. If someone tried to put him even with the world once more, he took pains to be uneven again in a short while. He suffers now from the result. Suffers not alone because of these problems but also, more seriously, by reason of the self that has developed and that has to be lived with day after dreary day. His once merry and lighthearted personality has become a house of gloom.

Irene Wytham's difficulties with her "self" have taken a different course, but the result is also saddening. Still less than 30, full of loveliness and charm, already she is suffering from an inner life that tortures her. She tells of moods of extreme depression, and how they are increasing. Repeatedly in any conversation she reverts to the word *bitterness*. When the girls of her set were going to college, she was obliged to surrender her own hopes and take a job. She then felt inferior to her friends and resented her lot. A brief, unhappy marriage upset her young life still further and stirred up more resentment and bitterness. A later marriage, though satisfactory in love and respect and companionship, has led to a renewal of financial difficulties and forced her to take a job once more, and again envy and bitterness are rampaging within her: envy and bitterness because she has to work when her friends do not, because they can have and do things that are impossible for her, because they have children and she, who tremendously wants them, cannot. She confesses her cynicism. The enthusiasms she once had now are gone; she has "lost my optimism"; she "can't seem to feel hopeful"; and she is so hurt, so disappointed with what life has brought that she deliberately tries to hurt other people.

Bitterness is not a nice word for a young woman to use with regard to her feelings. If Irene Wytham's inner self tortures her now at the beginning of her days, it is easy to guess what it may do in after years, unless she

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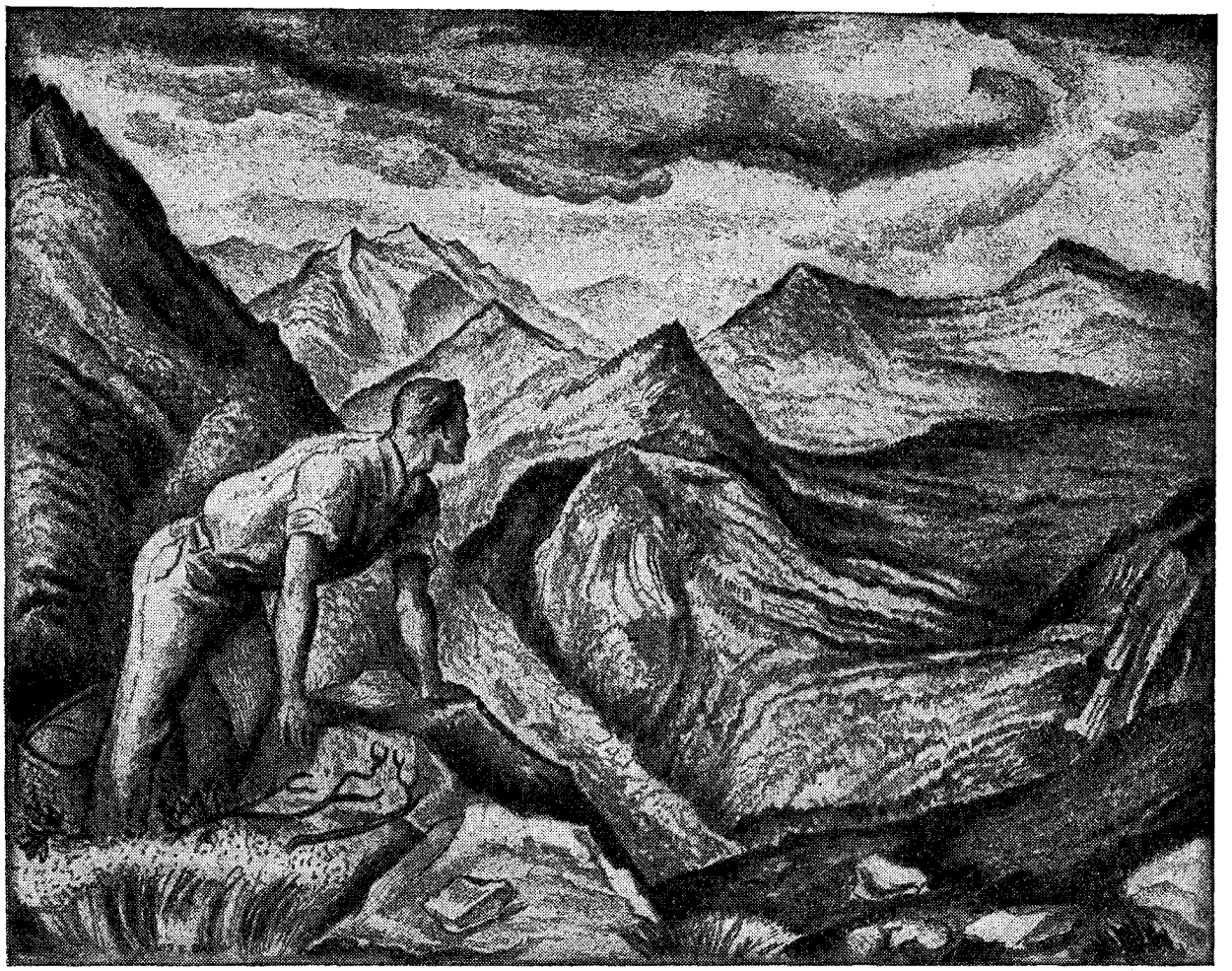

definitely and deliberately sets to work to construct a new and better self and does so at once. Envy and jealousy and bitterness are bad materials to put into a self that is in process of construction.

Every resentment that is encouraged, every bitter mood that is welcomed, every grudge, every animosity, every rebellion against life, every despondency, every smug conceit, every unjust self-depreciation — and on the other hand every self-mastery, every high fortitude, every facing of naked truth, every ringing faith, every beckoning ideal, every splendid courage — each one of these makes either for the breaking down of the ultimate self or else for its building up. Each one helps to make the self that must be lived with every hour of every day, through thick and thin, when you are twenty and 50 and 90.

II

WHAT IS life's supreme adventure and greatest achievement? Life's supreme adventure is the adventure of living. Life's greatest achievement is learning how to live, the continual remaking of yourself so that at last you do know how to live. "Ye must be born anew" is true in a modern and psychological sense no less than in the usual theological employment. Every one of us needs re-education after years have been spent at school and college getting what was glamorously called an education. We need re-education because of the misstatements and sophistries that we swallowed as ineluctable facts. We need it far, far more because of the bad thinking habits we have acquired, the mischievous emotional reactions and ideals and pleasures we have learned to love.

The psychological mechanists would have us believe that a man's *is*-ness is no more than the result of insentient chemical processes in his physical constitution. We are not self-determined. What we think of as volition are merely automatic reactions to stimuli. We do not choose between This and That. We only fancy that we do so. All is predetermined by some chemical mechanism. The body is the actor. The mind is merely its effect.

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You read such things and a What's-the-use? mood comes over you. Then straightway your thought flies to the effulgent pages of history and biography, whose splendor is made by the stories of men and women, great souls, who took with high heart this job of living in a difficult world and set out to make the spirit supreme as actor and the antagonistic body its subservient instrument. They were sure they did so. The world has been sure of it too. Some great new thought came, some new and splendid emotion, and the characters and personality responded to the challenge and changed radically.

The chemical transactions are not to be denied. They are there and they affect the personality. But they do not work alone.

Said Epictetus:

> In every feast remember that there are two guests to be entertained, the body and the soul; and that what you give the body you presently lose, but what you give the soul remains for ever.

It is one of the world's very great treasures, that story of Epictetus. An ex-slave, lame, utterly poor in the things that make life comfortable, he asserted the power of mind and spirit over body, made himself one of the royal souls of all time, and gave to the world thoughts by which willing men and women have made themselves more truly masters of life. Then how about you and me? Can we not, in this advanced time, lift ourselves as high as the pagan philosopher of 2,000 years ago?

Consider these other vibrant words of his:

> Let others study causes, problems, and syllogisms. Do you study death, chains, torture, exile: and all these with courage, and reliance upon him who hath called you to them, and judged you worthy a post in which you may show what the rational governing faculty can do when set in array against powers independent on the choice.

Great words, those! To show yourself worthy of your post: that is life's high call.

Then this from a modern soldier of suffering — the letter written by Robert Louis Stevenson after one of those bouts with disease when it was "a toss-up for life or death." He tells graphically of the struggle. Then he goes on:

> Yet I did not wish to die either. I felt all the time that I had done nothing to entitle me to an honorable discharge; that I had taken up many obligations and begun many friendships which I had no right to put away from me; and that for me to die was to play the cur and shirking sybarite, and desert the colors on the eve of the decisive fight.

Stevenson's gallant words are typical of great souls throughout history. When Helen Keller (I believe it was she) said that "although the world is very full of suffering it is also full of the overcoming of it," she was talking quite in Stevenson's vein and lifting up herself to the same high kind of achievement: she was not only giving to the world a word of inspiration but was also putting one more sturdy timber into a structure of inner being with which she herself could live happily and fruitfully.

When Sir Walter Scott's amanuensis reported that the dictation of some of the best jokes put into the mouths of certain of his characters was "mingled with groans extorted from him by pains" and that when begged to interrupt his labors his only answer was a request to make sure that the doors were carefully shut "so that the expressions of his agony might not reach his family," he revealed a similar triumphant action of the spirit. Scott was already living out the idea that Stevenson was later to put into one of his vivid phrases: the idea that "true health is to be able to do without it."

There are the ringing words of Henry Fawcett, who gave to the world the parcel-post idea. Do you know those words? Only 24, working intensely for his degree at the university, his ambition already set for a parliamentary career, both eyeballs were pierced by shot from his father's gun on the hunting field, and in an instant he was made blind for life. It was a terrible blow and would have shattered life for some; but he said later that in ten minutes he had made up his mind: he would be treated as an equal!

What would he do in order to be treated as an equal? He would continue his studies and not give up his parliamentary career. He would engage still in strenuous outdoor sports. He would skate — sometimes as much as 50 or 60 miles a day. He would get into his boat on the Thames and row the long pull from Oxford to London. He would climb mountains and enjoy the view besides. He would ride his horse at such headlong pace that companions were put to it to keep up with him. He would continue to go a-fishing and still cast a fly with accuracy.

And he did these things! By the time he was 30 he was such an authority on political

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economy that he was given a chair at his own university of Cambridge. Two years later he succeeded, after a third effort, in reaching the House of Commons. In Parliament he made himself the special advocate of the laboring man and the poor and devoted himself with such concern to the voiceless, far-off people of the East that he was affectionately dubbed the "Member for India." And finally, because his blindness necessarily shut him out from the privities of the cabinet, he was made Postmaster General. Will anyone deny that he lived up to his vow to be treated as an equal? But that was not all. He created a "self" with which he could live with equanimity.

There is Dr. Trudeau and his great word, *acquiescence*. Do you know that passage in the autobiography?

> It took me a long time to learn, imperfectly though it be, that acquiescence is the only way for the tuberculosis invalid to conquer fate. To cease to rebel and struggle, and to learn to be content with part of a loaf when one can not have a whole loaf, though a hard lesson to learn, is good philosophy for the tuberculous invalid, and to his astonishment he often finds that what he considers the half-loaf, when acquiesced in, proves most satisfying.

He too was young when the break with normal life was forced on him: only 25 when the Adirondacks became his forlorn hope. His brilliant prospects in New York, his bride of a year and a half, the hopes on which for years he had fed his spirit — all had to be abandoned; and as he made the long, hard journey he saw only death before him. Death finally delayed its coming; but all that Dr. Trudeau accomplished had to be done as a sick man, and the last five years of his life had to be spent in his room and much of the time in bed. But by acquiescing in his fate and then making the most of his half-loaf he turned himself into one of the world's great citizens and one of the notable benefactors of suffering humanity.

These are people whose names are known to the world. But in dark little tenements, on hardscrabble farms, in plodding offices, on city streets doing queer odd jobs, and among people whose lives have been turned topsy-turvy by adverse fortune you can find their worthy mates.

> Sometimes I think that I am glad that I have had my trials and change in method of living for I have gained in peace of mind, understanding and tolerance of others.

So said the writer of a letter which came to my hand a short time ago. Brought up in luxury, with servants and a saddle horse, that woman now has sometimes to be supplied even with carfare to visit a public clinic. But she is learning that the self one develops inwardly is of greater importance for the living of a happy life than the fortune one has outwardly. She is learning that it is the self one builds up that makes or unmakes one's world and determines whether one shall live in serenity or in gloom and to a great extent determines also the state of one's health.

III

If a physician succeeds in curing a high blood pressure or arthritic hands, he has of course done something. But he has not done enough if he lets his patient go out into life still enslaved by an unhealthy emotional habit or with his mental processes so twisted that he cannot deal with the problems of daily life in hopeful fashion. Mental self-command, the habit of constructive thought direction — these things are more important, for the happiness and wholesomeness of life, than physical soundness.

What is called nervousness is apt to be a state of mind. In that case it can be mastered by the cultivation of new and better thought habits and emotion habits, just as Epictetus and Sir Walter Scott and Stevenson and Henry Fawcett and Dr. Trudeau and others of the great host of spiritual victors in life made themselves by force of mind and spirit rise superior to the difficulties that struck at them and threatened to wreck their lives.

The point that this brings up is a point about the quality of thought. When you go to a shop to make some purchase, you want to know whether the dress material is of a quality that will wear well, whether the tinned food is of good quality, whether the engine of the car is of a quality that will stand up to the strain to which it will be subjected. These things you give thought to, if you are spending money.

How often do you ask yourself about the quality of your thoughts? Are they of a quality that will mix well with the facts of life? What results will they produce when you run up against the ideas and moods and dispositions and personalities of the people you have to mingle with? What effect will they have when

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you must look the grim needs of your own life straight in the face? Will they tend to bring your life to failure or success? Will they make you weaker or stronger for the long-drawn-out struggle? Do they make for sickness or for health? Are they of the kind that tears down or of the kind that builds up? Will they make you, in the long run, a failure or a hero, a victim of life or a master in life?

And the emotional energy with which your thoughts are linked up and empowered: is it of the kind that leads to a havoc of the self or is it creative in its tendency? Does it exhaust itself in mere sentimental enjoyment of a feeling or does it drive you on to action that is courageous and aspiring and that will keep you game to the last?

The drifter lets himself think any old thought that burns up in his head and yields himself to any emotion that comes along. The man who is set for the building up of a self that he can live with in some kind of comfort and with hope of continued improvement chooses deliberately what he will let himself think and what kind of feeling he will feel. He decides that he will not permit himself to dwell on resentments, animosities, criticisms, disgusts, disappointments, thwartings, aches, pains, and miseries in general but that he will give himself over to big thoughts, thoughts that amplify and enrich the personality. He chooses and cultivates emancipating emotions and rejects those that turn the inner life into a bedlam torment. Thoughts of appreciation and high desire, stouthearted and strengthening emotions: it is by these that we are made to grow into larger and braver life, truer sanity, and more harmonious inner being.

IV

Here is a parcel of ground. It is not precisely the same today as it was yesterday. It is by no means the same as it was when you bought it 25 years ago. Every drop of rain that has fallen, every wind that has blown, every bit of sunshine that has penetrated it and also every bit of frost, every foot that has trodden it, every worm that has burrowed into it, every bit of work you have done upon it, every seed that has fallen into it, every crop that has been grown, every crop that has *not* been grown — everything that has happened to it has left a mark of some kind. That mark was either for its enriching and beautifying or for its impoverishment and disfigurement.

So is it with the self. A self is not something you are endowed with at birth, as you are endowed with legs or lungs or liver or heart. It is something you are continually creating for yourself as you live your day-by-day life. Whether that self shall be sapless or filled with vigor, barren or goodly, a source of misery or a source of power — that depends on the interests you cultivate, the thoughts you permit, the ideas and ideals you reach out after, the reactions you let yourself enjoy and encourage.

Here is one final illustration. The woman who put the name "Michael Fairless" on the title page of *The Roadmender* gave to the world some pages of inspiration. But the self that she was indefatigably busy growing until the very day of her death was greater and finer than any book she could write. When she refused to let her spirit yield to sickness, disappointment, and frustration heaped on frustration, when, defeated and driven back in one direction, she sturdily set out again and again to make good in some other direction, when almost up to the day of her passing she labored at her pages of proof in order to make her last little piece of work as nearly perfect as it could be made, correcting and polishing with meticulous care when not able of herself to read a word or lift a pencil — when she did that she gave to the world her greater and more important contribution.

The person who wants for his inner companion a self that has poise and strength and loveliness and adventurous aspiration teaches himself the habit of communing with bigness and calmness and strength. He keeps under his hand some book that stimulates the mind and soul to greatness and feeds himself on it daily. He takes pains to put himself in the way of emotions that are liberating and heartening and invites them to take up their abode within him. He cultivates strong desire for essential bigness of the inner man and makes that desire for bigness of spirit the passion of his life. He teaches himself to live his daily life in companionship with the spirit of truth and seeks continually to be led into more of the truth. He makes growth and ever more growth the desire of his heart. He unites himself with the everlasting soul of the universe and with that soul he goes his onward way.

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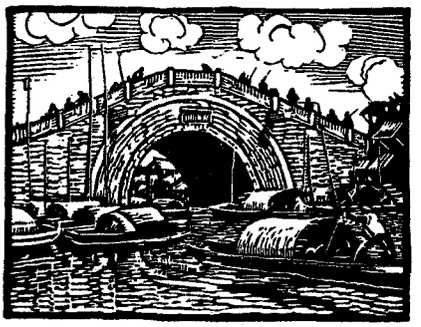
China Unconquerable



by **MADAME SUN YAT-SEN**

HUNDREDS of books and thousands of articles have been written on the subject of the Sino-Japanese conflict. But it seems to me that most of the authors overestimate the Japanese strength and underestimate the Chinese power of resistance. And, if one examines the policy of the Chinese Government during the past ten years, that impression will be strengthened. Concession after concession has been made to the Japanese. It was only necessary for Japan to make some new bluff, and her aim was achieved. Japan had only to threaten the Chinese by landing some troops and a handful of airplanes, and immediately the Chinese Government made new concessions.

The unfortunate policy of the Nanking government, which followed the course of internal pacification before resistance of external aggression, has even more played into the hands of the Japanese militarists. But during the past year the situation has changed. The anti-Japanese movement of the people reached a high level, and it became no longer possible for the Japanese to obtain their aims by threats and bluffs. The Chinese people have realized that it is possible for them to resist. They are no longer afraid of their "friendly neighbor."

Mass opinion has made itself felt in China. In the growing demand of the people for resistance to the Japanese, all political differences have become of secondary importance. Military satrapy has given way to the rise of an intense patriotism, which gives hope for a genuine unification of the country.

From my viewpoint, the most important task before China is the realization of Dr. Sun Yat-sen's principle of democracy. To guide us in the Chinese revolution, Sun Yat-sen gave us three principles — democracy, nationalism, and the people's livelihood — and three policies, which are the instruments by which these principles can be achieved. The democratic nations have witnessed how neglect of the first principle during the past ten years has brought great calamity to China. There have been endless civil warfares; the country has been devastated; millions of our people have perished and millions more been rendered destitute and desperate. The best minds of China have always demanded the cessation of civil warfare and conciliation between the Kuomintang and the Communist Party. Long ago public opinion condemned the insidious belief that before resisting Japan we must first crush the communists. Naturally, this policy was provoked by Japan.

As a result of ten years of internal warfare, many parts of the country have been ravaged. And, far from being defeated, the communists have become the advance guard of the anti-Japanese resistance. From the articles of Edgar Snow, correspondent of the *London Daily Herald*, who recently visited the Red regions, we know the actual conditions there and realize what a lot of nonsense and false propaganda were written by persons who had never ventured within speaking distance of the "outlaw." In fact, it is quite probable that most of this propaganda originated with Japan.

It is a matter of congratulation that General Chiang Kai-Shek has stopped further civil warfare and that the Kuomintang at last, in a recent plenary session, discussed the question of reconciliation with the Communist Party. But it is very regrettable that, in the manifesto of this plenary session, conditions for conciliation with the Communist Party have been laid down which will make a ready compromise

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difficult of achievement. There are such unreasonable demands as that the Communists cease propagandizing and abandon their political program of class struggle. How can the Communist Party renounce propaganda and the class struggle when those are the basic reasons for its existence? In France and elsewhere the communists have not renounced propaganda and the class struggle, and bourgeois parties are successfully co-operating with them. Chinese communists have repeatedly declared that they would not attack the government if the latter would really resist Japan. To work hand in hand to save the country is their only condition.

Therefore for reconciliation with the Communist Party it is necessary only to put into action Dr. Sun's principle of democracy, convoke the National Congress, change the electoral system so that the people could really participate and have a voice in the government, release the political prisoners, grant freedom of press, organization, and assembly, mobilize the masses for reconstruction of the country and resistance of Japanese militarists.

The sincerity of the communists in wishing to co-operate with the government was proved clearly through the Sian coup. They exerted every effort to maintain peace between the central government and the northeastern army. It was the communists who sponsored the release of General Chiang Kai-Shek and the peaceful settlement of the Sian affair. They have done their utmost to preserve unity in China. Therefore if the Kuomintang desires to follow Dr. Sun's policy of alliance with workers and peasants, it must not reject the assistance of the communists in saving the country. Co-operation between the Kuomintang and the Communist Party is absolutely essential. All forces must be united.

II

REGARDING China there are many untrue opinions in circulation, to the effect that China is so weak that she cannot stand against Japan. It is my confident belief that China not only can resist every and any Japanese aggression but that she can and must prepare to recover her lost territories. China's greatest strength lies in the awakening of her masses. If, some time ago, the Japanese imperialists had hopes of making the Nanking government their tool to subjugate China, this fond hope must now disappear. Every new act of Japanese aggression strengthens Chinese resistance more and more. The Japanese policy of dismembering China is a failure. On the contrary, there can no longer be a government in China which would dare make new territorial concessions to Japan. Popular indignation rose very high when leaders of the National Salvation Association were arrested last year by the Nanking government, as well as when there appeared signs that the government was considering making new concessions to Japan. The growth of the anti-Japanese movement has made possible financial reforms, caused the peaceful settlements of the threatening Kwangsi and Sian affairs and the cessation of civil warfare. All these are indisputable evidences of the new strength of China.

China must now prepare to recover her lost territories. There must be preparation of the masses politically and militaristically. Freedom of speech, press, and assembly will arouse the masses. Military training of the able-bodied population must become compulsory. China's defense cannot be built up to resist the aggressor on the basis only of the standing army, which is deficient in technical equipment. But behind this army stand the masses of the people, prepared to give the last drop of blood for their homes and their country. Fighting in guerrilla warfare, they would be an invincible force before which Japanese militarists must tremble.

To give living reality to Sun Yat-sen's economic policy, the mass movement of the people must be given free expression. This is also a prerequisite for the reconstruction of the country, the firm establishment of our industries and communications, and the improvement of our rural economy. This basic upbuilding of our country can come only when genuine democracy is achieved.

Dr. Sun advised China, in her conduct of foreign policy, that she should ally herself with those countries who treat her on a basis of equality. There is no doubt that Japanese aggression has aroused world-wide sympathy for China and serious dissatisfaction in other nations with her imperialistic policy. Japan is in an isolated position. The attempt of Japan to fight a way out through the German-Japanese agreement has also ended in complete failure.

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In Japan herself there is growing dissatisfaction with this move. The Chinese people have never entertained aggressive designs but the Chinese people will no longer remain homeless slaves, driven from their native abodes, or endure the taunt that China is the sick man of Asia.

III

To appreciate the strength of any country we cannot do better than to analyze her economic possibilities and the strength of her social structure. Economically Japan is a weak country. Her chief weakness lies in the poverty of raw materials — such as iron ores, cotton, oil, nonferrous metals, gold, and platinum — which Japan is forced to import in great quantities every year. This poverty in raw materials is a most dangerous weakness for Japan in case of war, because she will then be dependent on other countries, who at any moment might cut off her supply.

There is no possibility of Japan's establishing great reserves of these raw materials in a period of peace, because of her lack of capital. She cannot invest huge sums for that purpose. To cite a few statistics: Japan now expends from 200,000,000 to 250,000,000 yen yearly to import raw materials for her metallurgical works. Let us imagine how much she must expend in wartime when the requirements will be increased many times. And all the gold reserves of Japan amount to only 600,000,000 yen. Of the total volume of Japanese imports in 1934, raw materials comprised 70 per cent; in 1935 they were 80 per cent; while in 1936 82 per cent of her total imports consisted of raw materials. If we consider the steel industry, which is the basic factor in war industries, alone, we see that in 1936 40 per cent of the raw materials (iron, iron scraps) had to be imported. The weakness of Japan becomes even more evident when it is noted that in 1936 87 per cent of all iron ores used were imported. And most of these imports were secured from China. If we take another important raw material — oil — we discover that Japan produces only eight per cent of her requirements and must import the other 92 per cent. Of other raw materials, such as tin, cotton, wool, quicksilver, and antimony, Japan must import 90 per cent of her requirements.

For all these immense imports, Japan must pay with her exports. It is most difficult for her to do this even in peacetime. Her difficulties increase every year, and last year her adverse trade balance was approximately 130,000,000 yen. Thus it is quite evident that Japan's industrial basis is not sound, especially for waging a war.

If we turn our attention to Japanese agriculture, we see, according to the latest statistics, that the volume of production is decreasing year by year. In 1929 it was 4,500,000 yen; at the end of 1935 it was 3,200,000 yen. A growing discrepancy between market prices of agricultural and industrial products becomes ever sharper, rendering conditions more and more unfavorable for agriculture. In 1936, the impoverished farmers accumulated debts amounting to 5,000,000,000 yen, while Japan had to import one fifth of the foodstuffs necessary to maintain her already low standard of living. The Japanese peasantry is suffering from three different kinds of exploitation. Landlords take from 50 to 60 per cent of the crops in rent, while the state has increased taxes each year in order to pay for military expenses, and, lastly, industrial capital is impoverishing the peasantry by sponsoring high prices on industrial products.

The Japanese newspapers are discussing this problem of an impoverished peasantry, and the Japanese themselves are pessimistic over their rural districts. Since 70 per cent of the soldiers come from those districts, the Japanese militarists themselves are conscious of the danger and are worried. Social unrest in the villages is evident, and herein lies one of the weakest points of Japanese imperialism. In the last Diet there was proposed a new six-year rearmament program, to cost 3,000,000,000 yen. And this year, in 1937, the Japanese military budget was increased more than 300,000,000 yen over that of 1936.

Most of this money will again come from the villages. This means added financial burdens on the already impoverished peasantry. It will impose new difficulties and new strains on an already weakened structure.

Japanese economic and social conditions are not robust enough for a long war. And certainly the Japanese militarists cannot hope to conquer China in a war of short duration. If peacetime Japanese economy is strained to the utmost and her social structure is threatened

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by unrest, how could these weakened structures withstand a great war on the Asiatic continent?

It is no longer even an open question whether China can be defeated by imperialistic Japan. Japanese efforts to expand their control in North China have failed. In Suiyuan, Chinese troops have successfully repulsed Japanese bandit encroachments. Japanese demands to our government have been rejected. Japan is losing face in China. New bluffs of Japanese militarists, threatening the Chinese with military invasions, can have only one result: to promote China's unification and strengthen the determination of the country to struggle for her independence.

With the spontaneous desire of the Chinese people to mobilize themselves, with China's immensely vast territory, rich in natural resources, with a population of 400,000,000 people, the might of Japan becomes a mere paper tiger. Japanese economic and social structures cannot hold out in a long war with the Chinese people.

No! China could not be defeated even if she had to fight Japan single-handed. And China will not be alone. For China has the sympathy of the world.

What Price Infidelity?

by **NANCY WYNNE**

Now that it is all over, perhaps I can talk about it. Perhaps I can even set it down on paper, and it may be that somewhere, some other woman, whose feet are hesitating at the first step along the path I've taken, may learn something of the road which awaits her. She may be moved by my example to turn back. She may, on the contrary, decide that she can be stronger or more reckless — or perhaps just luckier — than I have been. That is for her to determine. So much depends on the individual temperaments involved in any human relationship. The personal equation is far too potent a factor to lend itself to easy generalities. Indeed, even in my own case, I do not yet know whether the heartbreak and the mental agony have quite overbalanced the sum of happiness. I believe that the ultimate value of any profound experience can be gauged only after considerable time has intervened, and, at the moment of writing this, I have not come far enough to have attained a true perspective on all that has happened. I am still bruised, bewildered, and (I may as well admit it) resentful against the circumstances and individuals that have brought me to this state.

To begin with, let me make it clear just what sort of people we are, who have become involved in this vortex of emotions. Our place in the economic scale would fall, I imagine, in what statisticians call the middle-income group. We are people who own or rent modest, comfortable homes in the suburbs of a large city. Our children, although they go to the public schools, are healthy and well cared for. Our tastes are simple but not mediocre. The furnishings of our lives, like those of our homes, while not pretentious, are chosen with a certain sense of discrimination. Our amusements are few (we too were hit by the depression). But we read worth-while books and occasionally hear good music. For the rest, an infrequent movie or the riotous debauchery of bridge and a few cocktails shared with congenial spirits constitute our entertainment program. We are not, you will observe, examples of the Idle Rich. You may, in short, picture us as very average Americans in the early thirties — people whom you would never look at twice, on the street. Strict moralists to the contrary notwithstanding, I firmly maintain that we are *not* fiends in human form. . . .

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THE DISCOVERY

I MET PAUL and his wife, Miriam, about two years ago. He and I were mutually attracted. I still marvel at the way we were drawn together, in that large room full of people. We discovered at once that we had a number of interests in common, and there was something heart-warming about the discovery, impersonal though it seemed at the time.

The four of us saw a good deal of each other, from that time on. Dinner at one home or the other, drives in the country, long evenings of bridge and talk. No extramarital necking, I assure you. No slipping away by twos to a dark corner of the porch or car. Everything was quite as it should be, and it would be hard to say just when it was that I began to realize that it was solely because of Paul that I looked forward so eagerly to our evenings with the J's. Even when it did dawn on me that here was the one man I might have cared for intensely, it didn't occur to me that there was anything I might do about it. My own marriage had been a source of disillusionment these many years, but I liked Miriam and I believed that Paul was in love with her. I learned later that, like me, he had been keeping up appearances, as the sequel to an early and ill-advised marriage, simply because it seemed the only thing to do. Yet never, by so much as a word or a look, did he intimate that his friendship for me had any deeper significance.

Then we ran into each other downtown, one afternoon of pouring rain. It was a mere chance encounter but it altered two lives beyond any event that could happen to either of us again.

I suppose we stopped dead in our tracks, in a kind of mutual astonishment. I know that Paul asked me to have a cocktail with him, in a nearby lounge. It seemed very natural.

So we dawdled over our Martinis and talked about this and that (strange to be alone for the first time!), and then Paul looked over at me, a little embarrassed, and said: "If I were you, Nan, I wouldn't say anything to Miriam about our seeing each other today."

I wanted to laugh. It seemed too silly. "But why on earth?" I demanded. "Surely Miriam wouldn't mind —"

"Oh, wouldn't she!" he said emphatically. "You don't know Miriam. She is terribly jealous of you, Nan."

I was struck dumb. This was an angle so new, so completely unforeseen, that I couldn't quite grasp it for a moment. "Jealous?" I said stupidly. "And of *me!* Why, Paul, how could she be?" What an amazing idea! Dear, quiet, reserved Paul! And I had never so much as touched his hand. . . .

"Well, you see," he said slowly, speaking like a person who is saying something he didn't intend to say, "Miriam knows that I'm pretty crazy about you. I don't know how she knows it, but she does."

I don't believe I said anything. It was too incredible — too lovely and too awful. I dared to look at him at last and I knew, by the real suffering in his face, that what he had said was true. He was not playing.

"Right from the beginning," he said. "Of course, it was so hopeless. . . . I shouldn't have mentioned it. You'd better just forget it, Nan."

Forget it? It was like coming out into the warm, bright sunshine, after years of living underground. I said deliberately: "I think I have loved you from the first moment I saw you. But I didn't know — I had no idea —"

Why must I tell more? Yet there *is* more. Not the movie fade-out, the happy ending so essential to popular fiction — not this, but the dull reality which follows so closely on the heels of the dream and in the end annihilates it.

THE DANGEROUS PATH

LOVE SPRINGS to life in the most untoward places. There was little to hope for in a situation such as ours, yet in the beginning we were both so overwhelmed by the wonder of it that the tragic aspect of our predicament did not appear real to us. We talked about it, to be sure, with a gentle, nostalgic kind of sadness — but actually we were both so happy in the certainty of our mutual affection that nothing else seemed vitally important. Our years of frustration fell away from us as if by magic, when we were together, and we offered each other with both hands our innermost thoughts, the pent-up secrets of the empty years.

So I come to the part which is hardest to tell yet which must be told if this is to be an honest document. Let me first make it clear that neither of us had ever gone in for what are known as affairs. Being rather quiet and reflective and not very gregarious, we had lived

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much within ourselves. And now that we had found each other, at long last, we were bound, Paul to a jealous wife, and I, if not to my indifferent husband, then at least to my two beloved children. But we had come a long, hard way to each other's arms, and so it seemed to us then the most honest and natural thing in the world to consummate our love.

If we hesitated in taking the step, I must candidly confess that it was not primarily because of moral scruples. On every side we had seen married men and women openly disregarding the principle of marital fidelity. Most of them had not even the excuse of a grand passion (if it *is* an excuse). All too often it was obviously an attempted escape from boredom, a futile gesture toward a new thrill, or the moral disintegration induced by heavy drinking. We assured ourselves that we had nothing in common with this kind of promiscuity. We felt that we were offering each other something unspoiled and infinitely precious. I still believe that this was true but I know now that we should not have offered it.

We had, I remember, one lucid interval before we gave ourselves over to the dream. "What will happen?" we asked, and answered ourselves: "One of two things. Either we'll get accustomed to each other and gradually let the beauty of it slip away from us or else we shall become so necessary to each other that we simply can't live apart."

I am amazed, even now, at the evidence of such wisdom and foresight. I am still more amazed that, having seen these two alternatives so clearly, we did not separate and go our different ways while there was still time.

I knew that there would be certain phases of the arrangement which would be far from ideal. I knew that it would mean dodging into second-rate hotels, playing a grim kind of hide-and-seek, lying about one's whereabouts on the afternoons we should spend together. I knew that neither of us was by nature deceitful and I knew that any relationship which is founded on prevarication and dishonesty stands on insecure ground. But I believed we were big enough to survive such handicaps. I thought that our faith in each other was strong enough to live even in the most adverse surroundings.

Disillusionment

At first, it seemed that we were right. It hurt to have to stoop to sordid little subterfuges in order to be together, but we both valiantly avoided voicing our distaste. We tried to spare each other's sensibilities at every point and to keep our eyes fixed steadfastly on the fact of our deep regard for each other. We were intensely happy sharing the most simple pleasures — lunching in out-of-the-way cafés, walking in the park, laughing together, talking about everything under the sun, and stopping every now and again just to look into each other's eyes and marvel that anything so perfect should come to us. All this was fully as much a part of it as was being alone between four walls and in each other's arms. . . .

But gradually — so gradually that I cannot truly place it in point of time — a change came over us. For a long while we had not been able to get through a day apart from each other, without a lengthy telephone conversation. Then we began to see each other more frequently. A whole day without each other was like a lifetime of slow torture. (By this time, Miriam had sensed that all was not well, and the four of us did not meet any longer.) Paul began to drop his business affairs at any hour of the day, in order to be with me. I fell into the way of absenting myself from home almost every afternoon and dropped all my other friends, so feverish was my desire to see him and to spend every spare moment in his company. The hours apart were emptied of all interest; we lived only when we were together. Yet our partings were so fraught with bitterness, and we were the prey of such agonizing loneliness after leaving each other that I

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sometimes wondered if our delight in being together was really worth the ensuing pain of our good-by's. We tossed sleeplessly all night and arose heavy-eyed in the morning with only one thought: we *must* see each other today.

So, at last, reality caught up with us, and the inevitable happened. Not dramatically, with screaming headlines and sensational testimony in the divorce court, but quietly, tragically, irrevocably. This was the denouement toward which we had been rushing from the beginning, with a speed which increased steadily, till at the last we were veritably whirled to our destruction.

Destruction. Ought I to use that word? Will anyone but our two selves be able to see that we *have* been destroyed, even though there was no drama of discovery, even though, to all outward appearances, our lives are running on in their separate, uneventful channels? Yet we are both lost.

PARTING

THAT LAST day, we met in a dreary tavern (one of those places where there is no danger of meeting anybody one knows). Two glasses of God-knows-what stood untouched on the table between us, while we agreed that we could not see each other again. We knew that we had reached the point where it must be everything or nothing. We could go no further with the pretense of being modern sophisticates, smart characters in a Noel Coward comedy. There may be persons who can carry off that type of role very successfully. We just weren't that kind. We needed more, much more, of each other than an occasional stolen encounter. We needed to share the thoughts and the adventures of everyday living. We needed the solid foundation of home and a common background. We needed to live and eat and sleep and suffer, *together*, not separately. Could stronger proof be needed that sex is not the all-important factor which some would have it? It may well be the mainspring of trivial "affairs," but where there is a basis of mutual respect and sincerity, it is ridiculous to insist that sex is the sum total of passion. . . .

It is many months now since I have seen Paul. We will probably never meet again, unless some unheard-of combination of circumstances should leave us free to marry. Miriam is not the type who would relinquish a husband to a rival without creating a scandal which would strike terror to the most courageous heart. Moreover, Paul, whose business was almost swept away in the depression, is not in a financial position to support two establishments. So the future is virtually without hope.

In my saner moments, I realize that there is much to be thankful for. The man I loved was all that a lover should be — considerate, understanding, and invariably deserving of my highest respect. Not a shadow of doubt or suspicion, not a cruel word or act ever dimmed our association. It was, I believe, a beautiful thing within itself.

But it is that last phrase which holds the key to the whole situation. For what I now know is that nothing can be sufficient within itself. All living is in relation to others — countless others. We cannot set aside even a small portion of our lives for our own selfish ends. Eventually, others will be affected, and will in turn affect us. A platitude — but true — that, in the age-old battle between society and the individual, it is always society which wins. No alliance can long endure which is not rooted in the accepted code of ethics, and, cruel though it seems, it is right. The world has no place for unproductive activity of any sort, and an ambiguous relationship, however satisfying to its participants, has no real social value.

I believe that all who set out along this road are fugitives from reality. If they would take it, they must face the fact that it leads to only one destination. In the final analysis, they will find themselves existing from day to day — tomorrow and tomorrow and tomorrow — in a dull, unending agony of despair. As Paul does. As I do.

In an early issue:
"The Intellectual and Her Husband,"
by Endora Ramsay Richardson

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Can We Accept Astrology?

A Debate

I—The Algebra of Life

***by* DANE RUDHYAR**

CAN WE believe in astrology?

In order to answer this question it is necessary first to define astrology and to differentiate the several ways in which it has been and is being used, then to discuss briefly the validity of these various approaches to a practice which the man and woman of today either accept credulously and uncritically or reject scornfully, with, at best, nothing but the most superficial scrutiny.

A great many people, if questioned on their attitude toward astrology, would reply in effect, "The eyewash of crackpots." But the circulation in this country of publications devoted to that subject would seem to indicate that a great many people also feel otherwise. THE FORUM *has no intention of becoming a magazine of astrology but presents this debate for the benefit of those persons inclined to wonder if there may not be "something in it."*

The usual definition of astrology in dictionaries introduces this oldest of all sciences and divinatory practices as a study of the imagined influences of planets and stars over the destinies of men and as a means of foretelling the future. Such a definition is misleading, even though it represents accurately the most common attitude toward astrology. Astrology can hardly be understood in its real import and validity unless one isolates several phases of its historical evolution. Doing so enables one better to evaluate what it may mean to coming generations.

It is well to keep in mind at the outset the fact that the study and practice of astrology have increased a thousandfold since the beginning of the century and that the steady reading public of astrological magazines and books in the United States can be counted in millions, one magazine alone having an active circulation of 500,000 persons. The same situation prevails in England, Germany, and to a lesser extent in other countries.

In the agricultural civilizations of ancient Chaldea, Egypt, China — and in a somewhat different way in India — astrology was the very foundation of all sciences and all culture: this because astrology stood for the supreme manifestation of the "principle of order" in life. Primitive man was surrounded by the frightful uncertainties and the dark chaos of nature, either fighting for life in the jungle or struggling to raise his crops and cattle while contending against storms, inundations, insect hordes, and climatic conditions. He became civilized in proportion as he became able to find an order in the sequence of baffling natural phenomena. Civilization is the result of the discovery and practical application of a universal principle of order. All sciences are means to reach the same goal — the *one* goal of intelligent human life.

Primitive man, being bound to the earth and its cultivation, had to reckon first and last with seasonal changes and physical telluric manifestations. The ordered revolutions of planets, sun, moon, and stars provided him naturally with what he needed. Agricultural civilizations were therefore entirely astrological civilizations. Even nomadic races had to guide their periodic migrations for grass and the mating of their cattle by the stars. Astrology and the search for order were synonymous.

With the sixth century B.C. came Pythagoras, followed by Plato and the development of Greek individualism and rationalism. In coming from Chaldea and Egypt to Greece, astrology became transformed. Plato had given a picture of a mental world of archetypes. It was the new realm of order — order no longer cos-

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mic and outside of men but directly perceptible by the rational faculties of individual man, then being emphasized for the first time in human history — and signified tremendous repolarization of all values. If man as an individual had the key to order within himself, then he could exteriorize this principle or order by deductive logic. Mathematics, geometry, and the basic rationalistic sciences could be evolved. They were evolved, not as sets of magical formulas but as intellectual applications of a logical interpretation of the multiplicity of natural phenomena.

Modern science is the result of such an attitude to the problem of bringing order to the apparent chaos of life, and its success in terms of physical, sense-perceptible nature has been overwhelming. It made the agricultural religious astrology of primitive man superfluous but left a gap, for beside physical nature there is psychological nature. Greek ethics was an attempt to bring order to the chaos of the psyche. Greek-Alexandrinian astrology for the first time (save possibly in India) dealt with individual nativities in the way followed by medieval astrologers, ethics stressing the rational factor, astrology the irrational.

II

TODAY man's psychological world is more chaotic than ever. The breakdown of ethical, religious, cultural traditions left human beings — already physically uprooted and herded in cities and factories — without any psychological security. This resulted in the development of psychoanalysis, which attempted to solve the problems caused by this uprooting of man's psyche, and was followed by the great astrological revival of these present years. Men crave to know the future, unable as they are to plan in terms of precedents and traditions, deprived of a basis of psychological security.

The human psyche is the new jungle. Complexes, fears, primordial images are monsters of the animal nature within. They must be dispelled by clarity of thought, by "creative understanding." Analytical psychology is one method, but it does not present to man a *pattern of order*. It deals with the flow of inner conditions. It does not give us a permanent structure in which to live in consciousness. Astrology does. The birth chart of an individual is the blueprint of his potential personality. If he builds himself true, it must be along the lines shown in the birth chart. Here is his archetype, the Platonic Idea of his perfected being as a united body and psyche, the Plan of his individual selfhood, which is also his individual destiny — for destiny is merely the pattern of selfhood developing through time. Self and destiny are one.

In this concept of destiny lurks no fatalism in the ordinary sense of the term. The planets "compel" man only in the sense in which the particular form of his body and the particular mechanism of his biological functions compel him to stand in a certain position, to eat, digest, and eliminate certain foods in a certain way, to sleep, to wear clothes in cold climates, and so on. Man as a personality is the wholeness of his biological-psychological structure and functions. It is this structural wholeness which the astrological birth chart reveals in its entirety. He *is* that birth chart, in the sense in which a building is the blueprint thereof. True enough, the blueprint "compels" masons, plumbers, and decorators to act in a certain way. If a courtyard is shown in the blueprint, this part of the pattern compels the builders not to build a tower there. But such compulsion means only the ordered working out of a plan or idea.

It is the same with human personality. Personality is compelled by the impulse back of its starting point (the first moment of *independent existence*, viz. the first breath) to follow a certain pattern. We may say that the pattern is the result of heredity and environment — or of some previous incarnations. The point is that there is a pattern, a seed pattern we may say. It compels the acorn to become an oak, not an apple tree. Freedom is meaningless unless it be understood as freedom to become in actuality what one is in seed and potentiality.

It is the pattern as a whole which compels — not Jupiter or Mercury which, by sending some mysterious emanations, make a person sick, happy, or unsuccessful. At least, in the type of astrology which deals with individual human beings, the idea of concrete planetary "influence" is irrelevant. It does not fit in with ordinary astrological practice, with progressions, directions, and all such methods which are purely symbolical and cannot deal (at least in any way intelligible to the modern mind) with "rays" or "waves" sent by the planets to "do something to" this or that individual. The idea

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of actual magnetic waves operating throughout the solar system and influencing directly the growth of everything on the planets may be true, but it belongs to a field of thought which is astronomical rather than astrological. It is true that in ancient astrology all these fields were mixed. But this merely testifies to the condition of the archaic mind for which the whole of nature is a unity. Astrology in the past was the very expression of that state of non-differentiation of knowledge from which sciences and arts slowly have differentiated. Such an astrology can have but little appeal for the modern mind. As a matter of fact, this kind of astrology has ceased to operate since the Greek period.

III

THE ASTROLOGY which can claim a rightful place under the sun of modern knowledge is also universal, that is, it is applicable to many fields, but in another sense. It is universal just as mathematics or algebra is universal. I have called it the *algebra of life*. It is related to the experimental sciences (especially psychology) dealing with the human being, just as mathematics is related to physics. The data gathered in the physicist's laboratory are interpreted and correlated, that is, put in an orderly pattern, by mathematical formulas. In fact the mathematical formula often suggests the experiments from which data are gathered. Likewise, the analytical data which psychology furnishes on human nature are put in an orderly pattern by astrology.

Astrology of itself does not refer to any particular thing or event. It is without definite content, just as algebra. It is a symbolical method for bringing order to facts of human nature. If it be granted that we know what human nature is in general, then the birth chart of an individual will tell us how this human nature will work in the particular case of that individual. Because we know human nature, we will know to what Jupiter, Saturn, Mercury (the x, y, t of this "algebra of life") will refer in the individual considered. Knowing that, we will know the particular way in which they are related in this man: and that means we will know the man's blueprint, or archetypal structure, or "pattern of wholeness."

We will know it much better than if we had the man's I.Q. — because the I.Q. is produced by putting together empirical, analytical, and often deceptive (because incomplete and twisted) data; while the astrological birth chart is actually the symbolical projection of the very structure of the individual self and destiny. It deals with wholes seen as such, not with incomplete sum totals.

Why should it reveal the pattern of wholeness, or blueprint, of an individual? What is there in the motions of the planets which may suggest that they should produce such blueprints? These questions are perfectly sound, but they cannot be adequately answered in the space at my disposal. The answer is of course metaphysical. It is based on the old doctrines of macrocosm and microcosm. In modern terminology it means that in every living organic whole certain basic life qualities are always to be found — such qualities as the power of expansion, of contraction, of reproduction, of assimilation, and so on. The astrological planets (Jupiter, Saturn, Mars, Venus, etc.) *symbolize* respectively such life qualities, powers, or functions.

Why do they do so? There may be a very good answer. But let me ask: What is a quantum and a neutron and a positron? Shall we ever see one? Never. All these entities of modern physics are symbolical creations of man's rationalizations of instrumental data. We may as logically rationalize, saying that the solar system is a living organism; and if we have to follow Einstein in a symbolical space-time world why not follow us into a world of creative moments, each of which imprints a "formula of being" on every living thing then achieving independent existence?

Astrology as a metaphysical practice may be only for the deep thinker; but so are atomic physics, group algebra, and the like. Astrology as an algebra of life can be applied most successfully to the data provided by modern "analytical psychology." I believe that astrology can be an invaluable help to such a psychology — just as mathematics has been a necessary adjunct to experimental physics. It can be so notwithstanding the vast number of astrologers who, unable or unwilling to think astrology, merely rehash old medieval formulas, made more or less meaningless by the new conditions of our social life, and who thus pander to the superstition of the crowds.

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II—Higher Foolishness

by WILLIAM MARIAS MALISOFF

SAYS THE FAMOUS British mathematician, Augustus de Morgan:

> If I had before me a fly and an elephant, having never seen more than one such magnitude of either kind; and if the fly were to endeavor to persuade me that he was larger than the elephant, I might by possibility be placed in a difficulty. The apparently little creature might use such arguments about the effect of distance, and might appeal to such laws of sight and hearing as I, if unlearned in those things, might be unable to reject. But if there were a thousand flies, all buzzing to appearance, about the great creature; and, to a fly, declaring each one for himself, that he was bigger than the quadruped; and all giving different and frequent contradictory reasons; and each one despising and opposing the reasons of the others — I should feel quite at my ease.

De Morgan is referring to the perennial opponents of science, who are forever squaring the circle, upsetting Newton and Einstein, and reviving sympathetic powders, auguries, and what not. He refers to such people as paradoxers.

The astrologist of today, I am afraid, is a paradoxer in the sense of de Morgan.

That he has a large following — a fact stressed by Mr. Rudhyar — is scarcely relevant to the strength of his position. So has Voliva, Father Divine, Hitler. So had Billy Sunday, Dr. Abrams of electronic fame, and their numerous historic predecessors. That he has emerged from history is scarcely more relevant. No one seriously thinks of reviving mystic alchemy in all its historic splendor. Its hocus-pocus is dead for all the good that came from its original mixture with common sense. The prevalence and hoariness of a superstition rather puts it in the class of pleasant myths, like the belief in the unlucky 13 and in the fatal appearance of black cats. If such allusions are meant as arguments, they prove merely to lend a vague credibility to an otherwise bald and unconvincing case.

The paradoxical exponent of astrology himself feels that he must have a defense of astrology *on its own merits*. A scientific defense, i.e., evidence from experiment and by verification, being impossible, he invokes the quick-acting bludgeon of metaphysical insight.

Unfortunately, I have noted in years of philosophical and scientific discussion that the last refuge of a lost cause is metaphysics. I have also felt that ethically it may be quite as reprehensible as the original model for this epigram. At least it is suspect when it is deliberate. Mr. Rudhyar's call on metaphysics, then, seems to me to be very desperate if not deliberate. It is a pretense to a knowledge so profound that it has linked the microcosm and the macrocosm in close correspondence. Strange that the scientist who deals with much simpler problems of correspondence should spend decades in deciphering but one line of the vast book which is so clear to the masters of metaphysics. Fifty years of research on the astronomical atom have ended in a complete fiasco of the saner forms of the microcosm-macrocosm idea in modern physics. A century of efforts to correlate a relatively simple thing like color with chemical structure still finds the scientists floundering. That is what happens when *accurate* tests are attempted.

But there is a more important difference between the scientist's efforts to correlate and the astrologist's. The scientist might set a universal correspondence as a distant goal, an ever receding ideal, that can be formulated and developed only with increasing knowledge. The astrologist, without pain or labor, with no sweat on his brow, *starts* with the accomplished synthesis. His interest is pointed in a direction precisely the opposite to that of science. He rushes in where scientists fear to tread. The scientist's orderly search for order is sabotaged by such miracles.

No wonder that all of Mr. Rudhyar's arguments reflect this confidence. The birth chart is a blueprint of a life! It is the pattern which compels. Compels what? One cannot make a blueprint of the motions of a fly in a room for five minutes. All one can do is give the general equations of motion which a fly or a man on a bicycle or the moon do follow. The details are inaccessible but are precisely what we want in practice. Does, then, astrology give such general equations for the even less accessible psychic? And, if it does, how can it have the arrogance to become specific?

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II

PERHAPS it is for some such reason that Mr. Rudhyar insists on astrology being the algebra of life! He bases his discussion on a ratio: algebra is to physics as astrology is to psychology. Myriads of such ratios can be set up, but what do they mean? This ratio or analogy simply does not hold, because algebra is not a tool merely of physics. In principle algebra can be as much a tool of psychology as of physics.

If all that Mr. Rudhyar means to say is that astrology to him as against the millions no longer means the foretelling of human fates from the position of stars (dictionary definition) and that it is merely theoretical psychology, let him find the psychologist to agree with him. Let him also include in his search the problem of finding an agreement among psychologists as to what are the principles of theoretical psychology. Let him also try to find a scientist amongst them who does not realize that the discovery of such principles is extremely remote as well as difficult, that we need floods of experience under proper scientific control before even the principal outlines of a general theory *can be* clear. Let him admit that he is proposing to substitute a belief for knowledge, if he refuses the test of the laboratory and is unwilling to wait for ultimate theory. Psychological security at such a cost is a fool's paradise, and trouble awaits those who would seize it.

To ask whether astrology is of any value to modern man is to ask whether error is of any value. The answer is, of course, yes, because it is an experience of a kind. Wrong theories may lead now and then to correct results. But who in the world would rush into the arms of a theory patently false, therefore?

One might grant Mr. Rudhyar's contention that there is a sort of scientific intent back of astrology. Yet good intentions of precisely this sort have produced countless crank and impossible contributions. Even the ancient augurs, seeking their inspiration from the entrails of birds, meant well. "In antique Roman times," says Mark Twain, "the augurs could read entrails as easily as a modern child can read coarse print." Thousands of well-meant false starts are censored by rational scientists themselves, who do not have the overweening egotism of the cranks that makes them devote their lives to their first guess.

No matter how one turns the issue over, the ultimate test must lie in the application. The electron is verified, but is Jupiter? On this subject I should like to invite attention to a thoroughly scientific test of astrology — astrologists insist that they are condemned without a trial — such as given by Otto Bobertag. In the *Zeitschrift für Menschenkunde*, vol. 8, page 73 (1932), one can find his results in detail. His technique consisted in having the most esteemed and serious-minded astrologists in Germany cast horoscopes on a set of men whose life history and character were thoroughly known to him and unknown to them. Each man's horoscope was cast by different astrologists. Even Bobertag was surprised at the result. He expected some slight favorable indication that would show perhaps a *possibility* of a science — but found just nothing. It is just *sanfte Tintenfluss* — the gentle flow of ink. A scientific test must reject personal bias, testimonials, and the like, even when given most sincerely. Bobertag's tests were completely objective and scientific. Were it not better, Mr. Rudhyar, to admit that the separation of astronomy from the parent mixture of astronomy and astrology, the so-called astromancy, was a happy event which removed the scientific in a lump, leaving the rest as a pleasant game? As a game, as a superannuated fad, it is still having its day. Leave it at that, writing off to the United States an economic annual loss of $200,000,000 for the seemingly innocent sport.

I think it is actually dangerous — antisocial — to press the case for astrology as a serious study in these times. It has done so much havoc. It has justified so many vague-speaking oracles, madmen who believed in their stars, heaven-sent rulers, and what not. Now on all sides we have the revolt of the irrational. It is even bolstered by force, as in the case of the Nazi ideology. It is all directed by the paradoxer swarm against the elephant of science. This revolt does not take the course of constructive criticism but seeks a return to absolutist, so-called "pagan," and struttingly "inspired" standards. And, to add to our woes, here comes another recruit — astrology, revamped into a second childhood by injections of higher foolishness!

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Saving Chicago's Schools

A Reply to Milton Mayer's Attack

Drawings by Clifton Line

by WILLIAM D. McJUNKIN

IN THE FORUM for May, a writer spun a fascinatingly lurid yarn purporting to recount how the public-school system of Chicago has been wrecked.* Entering at dramatically spaced intervals are the villains of his piece, who seem to be, in order of importance of their villainy, the wealthy (or millionaire) taxpayers, the Chicago bankers, the politicians (including the Board of Education), the Superintendent of Schools. Over the entire scene is, of all things, the Chamber of Commerce of the United States, which is credited — rather vaguely, but credited — with inspiring the program of school wrecking so enchantingly reported by my predecessor in these pages.

I am now and for eight years have been a member of the Board of Education of Chicago. I am a Republican. I was appointed a school trustee by a Republican mayor and reoppointed by a Democratic mayor, which would indicate appointments are not made entirely, as alleged, for political reasons. Never since I became a member of the Board have I been asked to use my influence or vote for anything that appeared political. Should I lapse even slightly from absolute veracity in speaking of school affairs, I would by reason of this public office be the target for all manner of missiles. Through my school work over the years, I have rather full information on school business, so that I could not plead ignorance of the facts. Moreover, both my personal preferences and my lifelong experience hold me to truth telling as the only workable method.

In 1933, Chicago's schools were scraping on financial rock bottom. They were $23,000,000 in arrears in salaries to all their employees, from the Superintendent of Schools to the scrubwomen. They owed so many old bills, and their credit was so bad that many of the best business houses would not sell to the Board of Education. Those which would sell to it necessarily charged high prices to take care of the credit hazard and the long time they would be out of pocket before they could hope to collect.

Today every employee is paid in full, in cash. The overdue debts have nearly all been paid off. Current expenses are paid promptly; cash discounts are taken regularly. The Board of Education's orders are sought by every reputable supplier, and bids are submitted by those equipped to fill its requirements.

Educationally, the city's school system is better than before, and is nationally recognized in educational circles as top notch. The physical properties are in good condition — the schools are better housed than for many years. Morale of teachers and of employees concerned with commercial and physical operation of the school system is excellent.

II

BEFORE WE pass from the above generalities to specific facts, let me say that the charges making up the article in the May FORUM are in no sense new. Each one of them has been made hundreds of times previously and has been painstakingly examined by those responsible for Chicago's schools. All have been refuted, usually so completely that the newspapers which carried the original attacks subsequently told the truth as a matter of fairness. These time-honored charges range in inaccuracy from the laughably ridiculous to the dangerously plausible.

At one extreme is the now familiar charge of a $1,000,000 steal in added expense to taxpayers for changing shorthand systems and the consequent necessity of replacing shorthand textbooks. One of the newspapers which

* EDITOR'S NOTE: — *"How to Wreck Your Schools," by Milton S. Mayer.*

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printed this story subsequently published two full-page feature stories giving the truth, after the editors had bothered to ask for the facts. In their revised statement, published after a complete examination of the facts, they stated that in truth the total annual cost of shorthand books in the Chicago schools is between $8,000 and $9,000 for an average year. It was right in this range for the year in question. The shift in shorthand systems came because the old system refused to bring textbooks up to date, while the publishers of the supplanting system (which seems to have just as high standing and to be somewhat older) had brand-new textbooks of superior quality. And, since the change was effective only on beginners' classes that year, we purchased more books from the old publisher than from the new at that time!

At the other extreme, dangerous because it cannot be categorically denied, is such an assertion as, "Elementary physical-education teachers were abolished." While we agreed that the children could get along without special physical-training teachers, we retained the training in our elementary schools under the regular classroom teachers who had taken courses and training in the subject in our normal school. When a critic leaves the implication that there has been no physical education in Chicago's grade schools for more than five years, he convicts himself of a motive other than any desire to criticize fairly.

The persons and organizations cited as his authorities by the writer of that article are not the impartial individuals and groups he represents them to be. They are the same familiar names and faces that have appeared in the same role repeatedly during the past five or six years, some during the past fifteen and twenty years. The reader can readily understand that a teacher who loses a year's employment through the action of a school board does not enjoy the layoff or idealize the people who laid him off. In private employment, such an individual would discreetly silence his complaints, for the sake of his job. But the State legislature many years ago effectively sheared Chicago's school board of the right to fire except for major cause and after a public trial.

Some of these groups so convincingly presented as impartial and unrelated actually share offices and paid secretaries. The same old names appear on one letterhead as directors, on another as representatives of civic bodies, and so on. I do not question the right of criticism. But, when a tremendous volume of criticism keeps flooding, in the face of definite refutations, from the same biased few, I sincerely believe that this may best be disregarded.

III

UNDENIABLY, the financial affairs of the Chicago schools reached a crisis during the depths of the depression. So did the financial affairs of every other major public body not only in Chicago but also in all of Cook County. The reason lay in a tangle of legal technicalities too complex to explain here in any detail. It is enough to say that such public bodies have their support in taxes. Under Illinois law it became mandatory on the assessing authorities of Cook County to make a revaluation of all property in the county in 1928. The job was not finished on time, and when finally it was completed it was attacked in long-drawn-out litigation and eventually overthrown. Meanwhile, very few taxpayers bothered to pay their taxes. The depression had arrived, and most people were only too glad of an excuse to conserve their cash. When eventually there was no more legal excuse for delaying payment, a large proportion of property owners lacked the money with which to pay.

So Chicago's teachers and school employees generally, as well as Chicago's policemen and firemen and judges and whitewings, went a long time between paydays, and when they got pay it was too often in some form of scrip which they had to discount to turn into cash. This was hard on the employees, and it was no great pleasure being on the employing end either in those days, as I poignantly recall from my own experience on the Board of Education. But there was not a thing which we left undone to produce operating money. We borrowed what we could; we issued tax-anticipation warrants when we could find a buyer; we borrowed from the Reconstruction Finance Corporation. Somehow we pulled through — just barely. Incidentally, local taxes finance schools in Illinois far more than in many States. From State taxes we received $3,800,000 last year for State aid to Chicago's elementary schools, and that was all we got from that source, toward a total expense of nearly $70,000,000.

The bankers, who obviously appear to the

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author of last May's article as overfed predators with $ marks on their vests were, except for some overworked sources of federal money, the only possible source of the large-scale loans required for running a school system without tax income. Time apparently has dimmed that writer's memory of how generally unenthusiastic about large loans most bankers were, back in the early '30's, even to solvent borrowers. Bankers were less than lukewarm in their yearning to lend their funds to a public body which was daily sinking deeper in financial quicksand, with nobody in sight with a life line. But they did lend to the Board of Education rather more than at times seemed altogether prudent of them. They accepted our anticipation warrants at six per cent and gave us the money with which we paid the most pressing of our obligations. Incidentally, although some of these loans remain as yet unpaid, because huge totals of taxes from those depression years remain uncollected, the banks cheerfully continue to provide to the Board of Education the working capital which it needs because of the tax delinquency and to do it currently at rates of 2½ per cent to 2¾ per cent per annum. The working cash fund is frozen in uncollected taxes and can be thawed out only as back taxes are paid up. The need to borrow is a source of grief to the Board members, just as it is to the person who bemoans it so bitterly in the May FORUM. But I do not know just how else any realist could handle it to finance a system of 400 public schools with 14,000 teachers, 4,000 civil-service employees, and an expenditure of $70,000,000 annually.

What that critic considers skulduggery and collusive undermining of the schools by bankers and Board members does not so appear to the men and women who have had to meet the school expenses. We feel grateful to the bankers for their willingness to stretch a point to keep the schools running. We cannot comprehend where the school budget is, in his terms, "padded to the point of unintelligibility — an obvious boon to the boodlers." The law is strict on the subject of the Board's budget. We have to appropriate first for unpaid obligations or prior years' deficits, before we can appropriate for future expenses. Tax collections steadily improve, but they are still far below the law's assumption of a six-per-cent shrinkage. Our budgets are constructed realistically and legally. Each budget is attacked in court, practically as a routine device, by large property owners, who are thus able to delay temporarily their payment of taxes.

To the author of last May's article, the action of the bankers in sending word that the budget for 1932–33 must be trimmed $15,000,000 before they would buy any more tax warrants was high-handed dictation by a group determined to tear down the schools. It has never struck me in that light. The banks already had many millions of dollars in our warrants. The general public's financial condition was getting worse almost from hour to hour; obviously tax collections would get worse before they would get better. Nobody wants to lend money to a borrower who is headed for ruin.

The banks, after an impartial survey of the school situation, had agreed that, unless the school budget could be cut $15,000,000, the schools would go broke. Their message was not dictation; it was a lender's decision on what terms he would grant a large loan. Granting the loan under any other circumstances would have laid the officers and directors of the Chicago banks open to serious charges of mishandling their depositors' money.

IV

NONE OF THE consequent expense reductions was undertaken lightly. When you have to cut 16⅔ per cent off a previously economical budget, you must pare wherever you can without crippling the system. Teachers took a pay reduction through the decreasing of the school term to nine months, and salaries were cut a straight fifteen per cent. The basic annual salary of an elementary teacher ranges from $1,500 to $2,500, a high-school teacher's salary from $1,800 to $3,800. This is higher, with very few exceptions, than salaries paid teachers elsewhere. Despite the assertions in the article, identical reductions were made in the pay of every Board of Education employee, whether a janitor or an engineer or a stenographer or an official in a business office. Also, these pay cuts and time cuts have not been restored to anyone — nor is it probable that they will be restored until the Board's finances permit such restorations. Every member of the Board personally wishes to restore pay. But, until more tax money is available, it seems plain common

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sense to keep expenditures down. The alternative would be to spend money recklessly and once more approach bankruptcy.

The Board of Education was severely criticized for spending so large a sum for new buildings and additions when it was necessary to economize. In the past three years 21 new school buildings and 25 additions to buildings were built or started at a cost of $8,680,000 — the Board of Education paying $4,100,000 of this amount and the balance, $4,580,000, being an outright grant from the Federal Government.

It would, in my opinion have been a most serious error on the part of the Board not to have taken advantage of the government's generosity in supplying, without obligation to pay back, this large sum of money. It enabled us to do away with nearly 600 poorly equipped, inadequate portable schoolrooms; to discontinue the use of hundreds of basement rooms; and to restore thousands of pupils, who were attending only half-day sessions, to a standard school day.

While criticizing the Board's economy program, the author of the muckraking article criticizes even more viciously the Board's rapid-fire approval of resolutions spending hundreds of thousands of dollars — $675,000 in nine minutes is his particular target. The implication is bad. If we spend $675,000 in nine minutes without discussion, we conceivably might continue at this rate for a few heedless hours and bankrupt the school system. What he omits to point out is that these omnibus approvals are of routine expenditures which have already been approved by the Superintendent of Schools or the Business Manager and Auditor, checked against public bids, put through all the routines which in a private business would result in their payment without further to-do. The nine-minute sprint to which our critic objects consisted merely of getting on the legal record the Board's official approval of the acts of its administrative officers. If it were needful for the Board to examine each individual item in an omnibus appropriation, that would indicate that we should change those employees and hire others we could trust.

V

By a skillful marshaling of emphasis, the critic whom I am answering succeeds in making the individual Board members look like a fine lot of thugs. My own judgment is that, in a reasonably successful business career of more than 40 years, I have yet to serve with a more efficient, conscientious group of able individuals. I have not sought or held a political office and have no idea of doing so and I became a member of the school board when urged to do so as a civic duty I owed Chicago. Thus my experience with politics is so slight that perhaps some political machinations slide right past me unseen, but certainly I have found in the Board a greater freedom from political activity than I had ever thought it possible to find in a body appointed by a big-city mayor to handle $70,000,000 a year.

The President of the Board, James B. McCahey, is described in the May Forum as a prosperous coal merchant and intimate friend of Mayor Kelly, as if this should damn him. It strikes me as good sense that the Mayor should select for this, the most important appointment in his province, someone whom he knows intimately enough to trust implicitly. McCahey, unknown to me before his appointment, has earned my respect and friendship by his performance. He has shown a remarkable and intelligent grasp of the system's problems. As for his being prosperous, let me testify that no man can afford to serve on the Board of Education unless he has ample means, so that he can spend freely of his time without thought of his own livelihood. The jobs carry no compensation, and the presidency requires almost full time.

The "union boss" member seems to be Charles W. Fry. Two or three quotations attributed to Fry imply that he is illiterate and incompetent. Fry would join me in admitting that his English lacks something of perfection in grammar, though I have seldom heard any man speak his thoughts more understandably. But he is not on the Board to act as language supervisor; we have an ample force of Ph.D.'s and Phi Beta Kappas to look after those duties. He is probably the closest of any Board member to the Superintendent of Schools, whom he had never met previous to the Superintendent's appointment. The Superintendent had definite ideas on what technical training ought to accomplish, but his own background was not in the hand trades. He told the Board what he wanted to do. Charlie Fry said, in effect, "I'll show you how I think we can do it." They have

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been working together on the problem ever since. In the process they have improved the trade-school teaching and cut the expense. Today we are turning out students well versed and trained in the work for which they showed an aptitude, prepared to earn a livelihood.

Another Board member "is now under federal indictment for price fixing of oil," according to the article. This means Bernard L. Majewski, Chicago-born of Polish parents, who has consistently taken an active interest in civic affairs. He is vice-president and executive head of a large oil company. Majewski rose from tank-wagon driver to his present job and came under federal indictment along with practically every president and vice-president of every sizable petroleum company in the United States, for what they considered a perfectly honest and honorable effort to assist Hon. Harold L. Ickes, Secretary of the Interior and Petroleum Administrator, in working out of the depression, through the function of the National Industrial Recovery Act.

Another member who gets a left-handed slap on the back is Harry W. Solomon, of whom the May FORUM article says, apparently to condemn him:

> The Board's lunchroom committee, which now purchases the equipment is chairmaned by Member Solomon who in private life is the manager of more than 100 hotels and office buildings.

To my ingenuous mind, it seems entirely proper that the chairman of the lunchroom committee should be the one member of the Board who is in the hotel and restaurant business.

It was decided that the lunchrooms operated by the school system and doing a business of $1,500,000 annually, which had been under the direction of the Educational Department, should be placed under the management of the Business Department, directed by an experienced lunchroom superintendent. The Restaurant Association of Chicago, made up of leading restaurant and hotel men, was asked to select a capable superintendent. The man they recommended was engaged at $6,500 per year.

Under the Educational Department, high-school teachers were employed to manage the lunchrooms at salaries ranging up to $380 per month. Although only $85 of the amount was charged to the lunchrooms, the balance was charged to the fund out of which teachers' salaries were paid. Not because they were actually teaching but because they held teachers' certificates. When the management was transferred to the Business Department, these teachers were assigned to other duties in the Educational Department, and they were replaced by experienced lunchroom managers who were paid from $150 to $200 per month, depending on the size of the school.

Under the old system, an annual deficit was incurred. Under the new plan, the lunchrooms have been made self-sustaining. The children have been given better balanced foods, and 4,500 poor children in the elementary schools are supplied with free meals. Under the old method, only 27 per cent of the students patronized these lunchrooms. This number has increased today to 58 per cent.

I have gone into this point in some detail to show, by this sample, the downright idiocy and utter falsity of this typical charge made by the author in the May FORUM: that domestic-science teachers getting $85 per month were removed for political reasons from the management of the lunchrooms and their places taken by others getting more than double that amount.

If space permitted, I could give comparable details about the careers and functions of the entire Board membership. These school-board members are conscientious, intelligent people who take an active interest in civic affairs. Almost without exception, I appraise their motives in holding this thankless job as a desire to provide for Chicago's children the highest possible quality of education with the funds at their command. Moreover, I think that this group of individuals is doing the best job that has been done for the schools in my 40 odd years as a Chicagoan.

VI

THE WRITER of the FORUM article makes the statement that the kindergartens of Chicago were reduced 50 per cent. This is not true. The kindergartens of Chicago, in common with other branches of the service, had to be curtailed during the depression. The system had two kindergarten teachers for each room, and children three and four years old were sometimes permitted to attend. With the difficult situation which confronted the Board in 1933,

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a plan was worked out by which one half the number of teachers was employed, and children three and four years old were no longer admitted. Under this plan, each kindergarten teacher works alone and is responsible for 35 or more children. All the teachers who were temporarily laid off were promptly reappointed to vacancies elsewhere in the system, and today kindergarten service is more widely distributed to all sections of the city than ever before in the history of Chicago.

The most plausible of the arguments contained in the May FORUM article has to do with what the author always refers to as "economies" — the quotation marks are his. His figures are intended to convict the Board of making these changes for some ulterior purpose, not to save money. His figures show that we have not really saved in expense, if I read them correctly. Unfortunately I cannot refute his statistics in detail, for an excellent reason. These figures are so mixed up that neither I nor any Board member or employee with whom I have discussed them can follow them or even surmise with any accuracy what he means them to indicate. They do conclusively prove that his knack with words greatly exceeds his ability as a statistician.

His general thesis, however, that the "economies" are not economies, can be simply tumbled over by the facts. School budgets, beginning in 1933, have been much smaller than they were previously. Therefore, before we discuss what kind of education the children are getting, it seems obvious that the Board has effected some sizable economies. The budget for 1931–32 came down from $101,418,000 to $90,000,000. In the next four years it dropped to $71,000,000. This year, we are working on a budget of $70,000,000, $14,000,000 of which is for new buildings and repair and upkeep of old buildings, and we shall keep within it. No matter how one may juggle figures to prove the point he wishes to make, the fact remains that appropriations have come down from $101,418,000 to $70,000,000 in six years.

These economies came because they had to come if the schools were to live within their income. Nor is it true that they came entirely or even disproportionately out of the educational departments, as contrasted with noneducational expenditures. The savings have come out of every department's budget, and they have come rather evenly from every class of salary and every other type of expense item. Here and there we regretfully cut off a service that we could no longer afford. We had to, to keep within our income and to keep from burdening the taxpayer unbearably in the years when he was lucky to keep his property, let alone pay higher taxes.

The statement was made that the engineer custodians received greater compensation for their services than the principals of the schools. This is not true. The maximum salary for engineer-custodians is $5,640 for twelve months, or $470 per month; and the minimum salary is $3,600 per year, or $300 per month. The figures quoted are the established union rates of engineers employed in all the municipal and Cook County institutions and branches of service. The maximum salary of a principal is $5,700 per year. Engineer-custodians work a minimum of 44 hours per week for 50 weeks, or 2,200 hours, with a maximum of at least 2,400 hours for their yearly salary, while the principals work a maximum of 40 weeks, or 200 days, or about 1,300 hours per year for their salaries. These figures are based on the basic scale for a ten-month school year. These engineers are custodians of a $250,000,000 school plant.

The comparison of plant operation with other cities which the author cited is unfair because conditions vary. In some cities, like Los Angeles, for instance, very little fuel is used, and in other cities electricity is furnished free to the schools; while in Chicago large quantities of fuel are required, and electricity and other necessary items of operation must be paid for.

VII

THE MEMBERS of the school board are businessmen, and they do not attempt to dictate to the Superintendent of Schools as to

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how he should manage the Educational Department. That is left entirely to him, and his recommendations are almost without exception approved by the Board. The same is true of the Business Manager or the administrative officers.

The present superintendent, Dr. William H. Johnson, had been picked by the former superintendent, the late William J. Bogan, as his administrative assistant years before, when Bogan was principal of our largest high school. Johnson holds bachelor's and master's degrees from Northwestern University and a degree of doctor of philosophy from the University of Chicago. His steady, rapid rise in the Chicago school system from his entrance shortly after the War testified his ability and his familiarity with its working individualities. His high standing in the national educational field testified his technical ability. So he was promoted to Superintendent of Schools, and has done his job extremely well, always being left to make his own decisions independently, without any attempt at any time by anybody to influence his judgment.

This is clearly indicated by the comment of a teacher and administrator who has been employed through the Board for twenty years. He said:

> Never in all my experience have we had a superintendent who has been more aware of educational principles or who has sought to make them so effective. It may be that he has been a little rapid for some of the old timers who haven't seen the inside of a university for a generation, but every action of the new superintendent has been one intended to lift the system out of the slough of the dark ages.

As a sidelight on the unjustified and unfair criticism of the public press, I might say that one of the reporters who had been assigned to the writing of articles intended to place the school trustees in an unfavorable light called, at the suggestion of a mutual friend, on Dr. Johnson. He introduced himself by saying: "Doctor, I want to apologize to you for what I wrote. I don't believe that and I not only want to apologize for the article I wrote but I now want to apologize for several more I am going to write."

In the opinion of large numbers of top-rank educators, the Chicago schools are today better educational institutions than ever before and are getting better month by month. All manner of mud has been slung at the Board of Education, at the city's schools, at Dr. Johnson, at specific measures initiated by the Board or by the Superintendent. The fact remains that the school system has full recognition by college-accrediting bodies, and any deficiencies which existed when Dr. Johnson became superintendent have since been remedied to the satisfaction of all but the few full-time hecklers. A large share of all criticism has come from minority groups within the teaching force who have found their privileges curtailed by specific measures which improve the instruction or cut expense or both. Morale of the Chicago schoolteachers and principals is higher than it has ever been during my eight years. But, no matter how gratifyingly high may be the general morale, this in no manner decreases the volume of the abusive uproar generated by a handful of noise- and troublemakers.

A fair summary of the Chicago school situation is that in the early years of the depression, from causes over which the Board of Education could exercise no control at all, the schools reached a financial crisis which threatened their immediate closing. The Board cut expenses drastically at this time, its yardsticks being, "Will it save money right now?" and, "Will it harm the schools less than any other measures that can be devised right now?" With the crisis successfully passed and with federal money obtained to fund some of the old debts until delinquent taxes are eventually collected, the Board either re-established these educational activities or else in their place put more modern and progressive activities.

Chicago's schools today are financially as sound as they can ever be until back taxes are collected to pay off the funded debts. The Board runs within its budget; its budget is within its income. Educationally, Chicago's schools in every instance meet and in most instances surpass the minimum requirements of the governing body to which they are subject, the North Central Association of Colleges and Secondary Schools. Moreover, each year sees the standards of the Chicago schools raised.

But, if there come into any part of control of the schools individuals who can swallow such tall tales as those told by the author of the article in the May FORUM, may God help the school children of Chicago.

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The Sad State of Publishing

by **FORD MADOX FORD**

It has come, the day that I have been expecting for, let us say, 45 years. This morning I was shown a letter from a publisher to an author. The author had pointed out to him that the publication of a book for which on publication he was to receive $375 was much delayed. He asked the publisher to advance him the money, pointing out that he really needed it. The publisher's answer, which I was shown, was to the effect that he would publish the book when he thought fit and that the author's financial necessities were no concern of his.

The point is that this was not a letter written by some upstart Gotham publisher to a beginner but by one of the heads of one of the most famous and long-established London publishing houses to an author who is held in honor on both sides of the Atlantic.

Today and for many years now, both in this country and in England the author has been not so much the book publisher's wage slave as his home pieceworker. The publisher has for long been the capitalist. But until today, as far as I know, the publisher has at least kept up faintly the pretense that, since he is a special type of tradesman, protected by special laws, he is in some sense a servant of the public and will conduct his business for the public weal and will treat those who furnish him with the raw material, without which he could not exist, with at least the humanity of the Southern slaveowner.

They manage that sort of matter — as they do a great many others — better in France. There the publisher remains a tradesman and the author so great a gentleman as not to bother the publisher when the publisher does not pay him what is his due.

I once had occasion to assure the most important publisher of the modern type in France — who had pirated one of my own books, pretending that it had been published before the international copyright act — I had occasion, then, to assure him that I was going straight from his office to my *avoué*, who would issue a writ both civil and criminal against Monsieur G. if he persisted in his purpose. That gentleman — and this is a fact — burst into tears. He was really in some difficulty, because he had already printed the book and made some advance sales — so he burst into tears and assured me that in his day authors were gentlemen and would never have thought of so much as asking a publisher for an account.

That works well enough, socially, because if an author has no money he is at least an accredited gentleman, so that he has no need to waste his funds in keeping up a position. Indeed, I imagine — but indeed I am sure — that the French author is a happier being than are any of his Anglo-Saxon confreres who have at once to vie with Mrs. Jones and to pretend that they are millionaires in order to lead the publisher to think that their books really sell. That is a useless performance either in this country or in England, because publishers today are in a ring and give each other statements purporting to be those of the sales of the books of their authors. And of course, since there is nothing to bind him to give correct figures, if it suits him not to do so, the publisher gives to his colleagues the figures that happen best to suit him.

The other day an eminent and very respectable firm of publishers — it does not matter on which side of the Atlantic — gave a questioner on the subject the information that one

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of the books of an author who shall be nameless but who is very well known to me had subscribed 40 copies before publication. The figures of course were very considerably larger — quite considerably. I presume that this publisher did not wish to lose my friend's piecework. Similar instances are not infrequent. The author's case, then, would today be very parlous if he were any longer dependent on the publisher.

The Publisher's Headaches

The publisher, on the other hand, is in no very pleasant situation, and anything like a crisis would probably bankrupt nearly all the larger houses of both countries. In the old days the publisher was content with what, to use a golfing phrase, I shall call through-the-green publishing. It used to be a fact that if a publisher published thirteen books, twelve of which were a dead loss and only one of which really paid its way, quite modestly — say with a sale of 25,000 — the publisher made a very handsome profit on the whole baker's dozen. This was — and indeed to some extent still is — satisfactory enough, because, once the initial expenses of setting up, binding, and publicity are paid for out of initial sales, the actual cost of machining, paper, and binding extra copies of a book are so small that a copy will cost only a few cents. The publisher's profits on all further sales become then literally colossal. And the sensible publisher of from ten to fifteen years ago knew quite well that, once a book was well started, he could almost always reduce his advertising cost to very little because the book would go on selling by its own momentum. Books are really sold by mouth-to-mouth recommendation. And, once your advertisements have attracted a sufficient body to set that ball going, you may limit yourself to a sufficiency of small advertisements in order just to keep the book within the readers' minds.

That was a condition that was pretty good for the publisher, the big seller, and even for the good writer. The good writer never had large sales and never expected to have them except in moments of mental elevation. But his books got published, and little by little he would gradually gather a band of faithful readers sufficient to let him keep the wolf from the door and buy his wife, say, a pony trap with two trotting Shetlands. . . . That also I know to be a fact.

The present situation is, however, entirely different, and publishing, like everything else, has become completely speculative. My mind was blazingly opened to the situation — it had of course been in the back of my head for a number of months — by the remark of the head of the greatest, oldest, and most conservative publishing house known to me in this country. If I had been born here I should herewith reveal his name, but changing your stable does not change your horse nature. And, having been born amidst anonymities, by them I take my stand. I have, then, known the publisher and been through several singular adventures with him in the last 30 years. And while we lunched together a month or so ago I asked him casually how publishing was.

He drawled almost contentedly: "Publishing? It isn't any longer publishing. It's racketeering."

And, if you will look at the advertisement pages of either of the Sunday literary supplements of the City of New York newspapers and if you will listen in from time to time on the radio or really read, after opening, all the letters marked *Personal* that you get, you will see the truth of what that gentleman was saying. The best seller has proved such a violent *ignis fatuus* to all the sober gentlemen and all the adventurers and all the madmen and all the crooks who sit in publishers' chairs that the pursuit of the best seller has become the exclusive occupation of the trade. The result must be the extinction, at the first breath of a new crisis, of book publishing as we have known it.

I said to my friendly Barabas: "But you are heading straight for bankruptcy."

He agreed that he was but he said that his ancient house would last his time and probably that of his next heirs. His attitude was that of the French public official who, having passed a couple of impeccable decades in an office decorated with a reproduction of the Winged Victory in imitation jade with pink carnations on each side of it, toward the age of 60 realizes his savings and passes the remainder of his life punting at Monte Carlo. I do not see that we need blame the latter gentleman, because he has at least retired from his public office. But the fact that, as we have said, a book pub-

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lisher is actually a public official enjoying the protection of special laws somewhat changes his ethical position. To that we shall return.

The position of the publisher who has published a genuine best seller is, nevertheless, not all gas and gingerbread, to use a phrase beloved of the late Mr. Henry James. And one of the most enterprising of the precrisis modern school of publishers was brought to final starvation by the fact that he had three real nationwide best sellers all running at the same time. The reasons for this are manifold and will, most of them, jump to the reader's eye. The chief one is that printers, bookbinders, publicity purveyors, staff and office men must be paid on the nail or within reasonable time. And the outgoings for a nationwide best seller are literally colossal. The publisher of whom I have just been talking told me that the least of the immediate payments that he had to make over one of his best sellers was $160,000. He was an imaginative gentleman, and there was no particular reason why he should give me his exact figures. They were, no doubt, 25 per cent of that or thereabouts.

Now booksellers are notoriously slow in making payments. A publisher will not unusually have to wait as much as nine months for the settlement of his accounts, and when he has published a real best seller he has to supply thousands of copies to booksellers who have not previously opened accounts with him and who may be the merest men of straw, with no intention of paying. So my poor friend found himself at the opening of the late crisis with a huge debt and, of course, next to no means of meeting his obligations. For the first merchants to whom in moments of financial stringency the banks will refuse to allow any accommodations at all are the sellers of those perishable luxuries called books. That was before the late crisis. Whilst publishers like my late friend still paid the cock that they owed to Aesculapius in the form of the publication of a certain number of books which, if they wouldn't have a quick sale, might be expected to pay in the end or might be paid for by the subsequent earnings of the author thus established!

A Very Bright Idea

That — and that is the calamitous side of the matter as far as the public is concerned — is a condition that has almost completely vanished on both sides of the Atlantic. The rather smart-alecky, dilettante, youngish English clubman, having cynically assumed a responsible position in an ancient and honorable house, wrote the letter to which I have referred in my first paragraph in what he took to be the American, commonsensical frame of mind. He is going to publish nothing but best sellers pushed into that position; he is going to have no sentimental nonsense over semiclassic highbrow authors. Let them go starve. He is going to remainder. He is going to remainder at vile prices all the stock of real classics that his firm still holds, in order to make place for the 200,000-copy editions of his best sellers in his stock rooms.

That is of course good business policy — as long as your bank will give you accommodation. The public will really buy anything that is sufficiently and sufficiently startlingly advertised in the papers. So that the publisher is really merely pursuing his former policy on a greatly heightened scale. Formerly he may have spent thirteen times $4,000 on thirteen books, one single book of the thirteen earning $150,000, which, less the $22,000 lost on the other twelve books and less $10,000 odd for extra printing, binding and bad debts and overhead, left a net profit of $118,000. Now, if he spends 40 times as much on thirteen proposed best sellers (books, that is to say, advertised as such), his net may well be 40 times as great — and 40 times $118,000 is a sum well calculated to turn the head of the hardest-boiled American, as of the callowest of English, publishers.

That is the bait. And the policy is sound enough — if your capital runs into nine figures, if your bank will accommodate you, if — as happened this year — one single nationwide hyperbest seller does not mop up all the money that the nation has to spend on books. For this, as for every other system at gambling, there is always that deadly thing called a limit. . . . And of course at any moment a crisis may be on us, with a bankrupting of all the booksellers.

That, of course, is the business neither of myself nor of the public — except for the fact that, as I have said, because the public gives the publisher a special protection in the form of copyright that it gives to no other tradesman, by the Unwritten Law the publisher is obligated to give the public a sufficiency of

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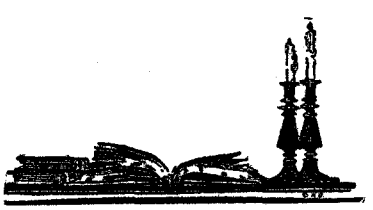
the humaner letters to keep its sons and daughters relatively sane, humane, instructed, and polite.

That the adult business population of Anglo-Saxondom should be expected — perhaps I should write suspected — to buy or read books would be foolishness. Still, even they will admit that the humaner letters play a considerable part in civilizing humanity. And they will probably be shocked to hear the facts that I have lately elicited concerning the circulation of the semiclassics in this country. (In England the circumstances are slightly more favorable, owing to the much lower warehousing costs prevailing there.)

I have been questioning a number of professors of English at many universities scattered about this continent as to this very matter. On the facts they are unanimous. They are giving as subjects in their modern English courses the writings of Joseph Conrad, Henry James, W. H. Hudson, Stephen Crane; in the earlier English courses Ben Jonson, Marlowe, Kyd, and other Elizabethan dramatists. Permit me now to use italics. *The only one of those writers whose complete works can be obtained through the usual channels is Ben Jonson* — and his complete work costs $25! How then is the youth of this country to be educated in the humaner letters? If it is not so educated, what will become of this country? And of the rest of the world, to which this country is so shining an examplar?

I know what I should do if I were a despot intent on the good of this or any other country and of my confreres of the pen or the dictaphone. . . . I should abolish copyright. This would abolish the best seller and would leave the living semiclassic pretty well where he is. His works rarely sell well enough to make it worth anyone's while to pirate him. Or, in the rare cases where he really sells, his legitimate publisher could get out sufficient copies ahead of time to make it hardly worth while for any other to pirate him. That system worked very well in ancient Rome, a city who produced classics enough in her day. A publisher there, with the aid of the Greek slaves in his latifundium, could produce from 2,000 to 3,000 copies a day of the odes of Horace, illustrated, and this seemed to give him headway enough against any pirate, more particularly since the Roman public seems to have had a liking for original editions. . . . At any rate, the classics are there to testify to the productiveness of the system.



Mr. Ford will continue in the September FORUM with a discussion of certain modern writers who he believes have suffered through inequities in the publishing business

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Hearing with Eyes

by **RUSSELL OWEN**

THE DEAF and the deafened are confused in the public mind, yet the whole world lies between them psychologically. A child born deaf has no realization of his deficiency. Impaired hearing dooms a person to slow retrogression into an unfamiliar world haunted by ashen memories of his favorite music, the voices of friends, and other sounds he once took for granted. Loss of hearing makes the sufferer appear stupid.

Small wonder that Edward B. Nitchie contemplated suicide in 1891 when he developed an irremediable impairment of hearing at fifteen. But he decided to live, and in the end his work opened the door of hope and opportunity for every person who suffers a loss of hearing.

After graduating from Amherst with highest honors — and an ear trumpet — he studied lip reading, a method which dates back to the seventh century and which was taught in this country as far back as the Civil War. Then he started his own lip-reading school, developing new methods of training teachers. Using the story approach and demonstrating with his face instead of complicated charts, Nitchie made the study so simple and interesting that it was within the grasp of the youngest child. He gave as much free instruction as he could, asking his wealthy pupils to contribute scholarships, and conceived an alumni association to endow more scholarships. In a year, this association had become a center of service to aid hard-of-hearing people in every way, without distinction of social levels, race, or religion.

Recently, the New York League for the Hard of Hearing, which evolved from that small beginning, celebrated its 25th year of service. In 1919, the League fathered the American Society for the Hard of Hearing, which now has organizations serving in all parts of this country and Canada and whose spreading influence will soon include South America and perhaps parts of Europe.

Only the two secretaries in the offices of the New York League have normal hearing. Yet you'll find no shouting, no cupped ears — not even a request to repeat something you have said. The women in charge are all proficient lip readers, and each carries her hearing aid, a compact instrument in an attractive case. The word *deaf* (as misapplied to the hard of hearing) is outlawed. "You wouldn't call a man blind because he has to wear glasses, would you?" asks Annetta W. Peck, executive secretary, the League's first president and manager of its destinies for 23 years.

Lip Reading in School

THE HARD of hearing come to the League headquarters for advice or to learn lip reading, to select a hearing aid, to choose a vocation or get a job. Here they may find recreation and social life. Sometimes advice isn't needed, but fresh courage is. The ear is such a temperamental organ, being affected by the weather, health conditions, and even mental states, that a word of cheer may actually improve the hearing! Services are free, the League's activities being supported by less than 500 memberships, at $10 a year, and donations.

More than ten years ago, the League tried to convince the New York Board of Education that there were 3,000,000 school children in this country headed for frustration unless their auditory loss could be minimized by training and the remnant of their hearing saved, when possible, by medical attention.

The Board was skeptical. If the League could prove its assertions. . . . The League set up its own clinics, worked out a national program, and proved so conclusively that hard-of-hearing children can hold their own in school work and social life, when given less than two hours of instruction in lip reading per week, that boards of education in 100 other cities began to offer such instruction.

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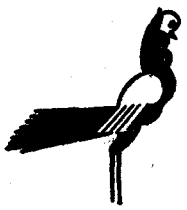

New York still hesitated. But the League shrewdly pointed to the costs involved in *not* doing something about it. Hard-of-hearing pupils repeat terms two or three times as often as the normal. Each repetition cost the city $150 on an average, and there were enough to cut a Grand Canyon in the public purse — $63,215,000 in 1930, for instance. Half this could be saved, it was proved, by the negligible expense of hearing surveys and lip-reading teachers.

At last convinced, New York is now doing more for its hard-of-hearing school children than any other city. Starting in 1934, she has given group hearing tests to over 1,000,000 school children, discovering 80,000 whose hearing is below normal. Of these, 10,000 have been placed under the medical care of their own doctors, and 9,000 receive lip-reading instruction from 350 teachers trained by the League. Bills now before the New York legislature may make these reforms State-wide.

Tests for hearing are given by the audiometer, a device which conveys a voice pronouncing numbers, in gradually decreasing volume, from a phonograph record to a network of single earphones. Forty students at a time can take the tests, given separately for each ear, by writing or repeating orally as many numbers as they can hear. Those showing a loss of more than nine sound units, or decibels, are examined by ear specialists, who may recommend anything from a front-row seat in the classroom to surgical treatment or the study of lip reading. Without these tests, a child may be maladjusted without apparent reason, for he can be totally deaf in one ear without realizing that anything is wrong — while others unjustly think him dreamy or backward.

Teachers in lip-reading classes speak much of the time in an "exhibition" voice, which is no voice at all. They let their lips move naturally, as they would in ordinary speech, but neither exaggerate nor slow down the movements. They begin with simple words and drills, and gradually the ability to lip-read becomes subconscious.

The teacher will write *sing*, *wing*, *ring*, *say*, *way*, *ray*, *seed*, *weed*, *reed*, on the blackboard, then *lip* the words in hodgepodge order, having the class repeat after her aloud. Or she may tell a simple story in lip movements, writing the new or difficult words on the blackboard. Then she silently asks questions about the story. The students always answer aloud.

The prize package is the kindergarten group in lip reading. In lip movements which mean no more to the uninitiated than would the chewing of gum, the teacher tells the babies to "Stand up," "Stretch both hands sideways," etc. They respond instantly. Eyes dart everywhere. The kiddies evidently catch the movement from the corners of their eyes, for, while they miss nothing, they never give the effect of staring.

Watch Your Ears

Lip reading does not enable a hard-of-hearing person to understand every word. Fifty-five per cent of all conversational sounds are invisible, made in the back of the mouth or throat, as *keg*, and hence an element of mind reading is involved. But, when the eye is trained to aid the ear, it is possible to follow the thought. And, when lip reading is supplemented with a hearing aid, the handicapped person is as equipped to lead a normal life as the person with defective vision corrected by glasses.

There are probably 17,000,000 American adults who are deafened to a degree, for hearing loses its keen clarity with age, even when there is no pathological cause. But there are some things which anyone can do to prevent injury to the ear. Children should never be pulled by the ears or slapped on them. If there is hard wax in your ears, it does not pay to poke at them yourself; savage attacks on these delicately adjusted organs with hairpins and paper clips would make any self-respecting physician shudder. When you blow your nose, keep both nostrils open and do not blow violently; you may blow infection into the ear. When swimming, if your ears are sensitive, wear earplugs and a rubber helmet. If you have a cold, watch the effect on your ears. And remember that, the sooner you discover that there is something wrong with your hearing, the greater chance there is that the condition may be overcome.

Many inconspicuous electric aids, each with its special use, have replaced the old-fashioned ear trumpets and tubes. Some of these instru-

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ments work directly on the bone behind the ear — which is one of the most sensitive hearing areas, for hearing is not entirely by means of the ear itself.

Those which stand on desks, and are plugged into the wall like radios may cost from $250 to $350. The little electric sets which are carried in the hand or tucked under a suit or dress may cost from $100 to $150. The merely vibratory devices, without electric power, useful in some cases, cost only $7.50. It is important that appliances be bought from companies which service them.

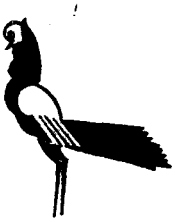
Selecting the best aid would be hopeless were it not for the League's exhibit where one may sample the various devices on the market. This is the only place a person may obtain unbiased help and advice, since the League has all varieties to demonstrate but none to sell.

Hearing aids are often loaned for particular occasions, and the income from a fund donated by the League's president, Leo Stein, is used to distribute eight or ten aids a month, usually where they will effect rehabilitation by enabling a person to get or hold a job.

Employment for the Deaf

Children come to the League for advice on a vocation, men and women with readjustment problems and seeking work. Edith Katz, in charge of vocational guidance for the League, does not have a list of occupations suitable for the deafened. She only discusses them, insisting that her clients bring suggestions for observation, reading, and study of their own abilities. She has to discourage ambitions which involve contact with the public, also vocations suitable today under a slight handicap but useless tomorrow under an increased hearing loss, since an auditory impairment may get worse. Many girls want to be nurses, teachers, or beauty operators — inadvisable pursuits for those with poor ears. But there are always exceptions, and the employment counselor must be an adept judge of character and ability to recognize them. One young man was encouraged to learn hairdressing, and made good.

There are trades in which the hard-of-hearing worker has an advantage, notably where concentration in the midst of noise is important — proofreading, research, typing, bookkeeping, auditing, tabulating and statistical work, for example. Some of the League's clients are better off vocationally than they would be without their impairment.



Miss Katz sees prospective employers personally, as she has to sell not only services but the conviction that those services are not inferior. Her card sums up the case for the hard-of-hearing employee this way:

> He appreciates your efforts in training him, therefore he sticks to the job. He cannot waste time in idle chatter, therefore he accomplishes more. He is accustomed to monotony and isolation, therefore makes an excellent routine worker. He must substitute eyes for ears, therefore he has highly developed powers of observation.

At one company, she was told that it could not use any deaf people. The new employment manager had the surprise of her life when informed that a girl she admitted to be one of her best workers had been placed there by the League. Miss Katz then played her trump card — her own hearing impairment. Her unobtrusive use of a hearing aid and knowledge of lip reading demonstrate that the hard of hearing do not have to be given written or shouted instructions. The usual reaction is, "If the worker can understand as well as you do, send him around."

The New York League has not yet finished with pioneering. It is now studying, in its own clinics, adjustment problems, helping mothers to save their hard-of-hearing children the unhappiness that the handicap so frequently causes. New laws compel parents and doctors in New York to report hearing defects of children under six and provide for annual audiometer check-ups in schools.

The home situation, the staff admits, is still fearful. Few parents will take preventative measures, such as having ears examined after diseases and seeing an otologist *always* about a running ear or earache. They won't do the little considerate things, such as seeing that brothers and sisters don't ridicule difficulty of hearing. They don't try to solve the beau problem for the girl or overcome the boy's sense of inferiority with girls.

All they do is yell!

Next month: "We Who Have a Rendezvous with Death"

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RACE PREJUDICE from the Scientist's Angle

as told by **FRANZ BOAS**

In large American cities, negroes must live in quarters as sharply defined as were the ghettos of olden times. On the Pacific coast, Asiatics are regarded as aliens so undesirable that their immigration to this country is restricted by law. There are country hotels, apartment houses, and clubs that exclude Jews. To the great mass of Americans, Mexicans are "greasers," Frenchmen "frogs," Italians "wops." Yet ours is a democracy which asserted at the outset that it recognized no social or political inequalities.

We in America are particularly given to racial injustice and for the very reason that this country was long a haven for those who yearned to breathe a freer political air or to make the most of freer economic opportunity. Germans, Swedes, Russians, Finns, Levantines, groups of widely different descent and tradition, flock hither. They look down on one another, as close neighbors have always done from time immemorial, and they are looked down on in turn by the long established "native" population.

Even when the Declaration of Independence was signed there was race prejudice, and this because there were negro slaves. In that day, slavery was justified on the supposed obvious superiority of whites over blacks and on supposed mental and social differences that were innate and unchangeable. Outside of Germany, few anthropologists or sociologists would defend such arguments today. In George Washington's time, there was no adequate scientific basis for the discussion of race. Now it is recognized that the problem presented is social rather than biological. Both the heredity and the reaction to a given environment of each member of a class or group must be studied. Yet the same old question is put in the same old way. We ask: What are the characteristics that differentiate Jews from Anglo-Saxons,

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whites from blacks? But the right question is this: Are Jews and Anglo-Saxons, whites and blacks, Asiatics and Englishmen so fundamentally different, because of the stocks from which they spring, that they and their children cannot adapt themselves to a new social environment?

To many it may seem that the second question hardly requires scientific study. Is it not obvious that the "negro" behaves differently from the "North European" and the "North European" in turn differently from the "Italian"? Even if we assent, it does not follow that there is something in his bodily organization that inevitably makes every negro or every Italian think and conduct himself in ways that characterize all negroes and all Italians. So we must test our impressions. Are they valid? Do they hold good for every member of a given alien group? Is a way of life, a way of thinking inherited like kinky hair and a black skin, and is it therefore something inevitable? When we ask such questions we touch the core of the problem of so-called race.

II

Modern biology has long insisted that we are what our parents and grandparents have made us, that heredity counts for more than social opportunity, that the members of groups which have been segregated for long periods have intermarried and thus developed common hereditary ways of life. Not only is it impossible for the Ethiopian to change his skin, but he cannot change his outlook, his mode of thinking or behavior, because these too are hereditary. Thus runs the biological argument.

It is fair to assume that the biologists, in as much as they are scientists, must have some reason for thus strengthening the popular prejudice against alien strains. But the reason will not stand analysis. Having discovered that good and bad physical characteristics are passed from father to son, the biologist extended the influence of heredity from the family to the whole population. If it were recognized that populations are composed of divergent family lines, that diverse families by no means share the same good and bad characteristics, racial heredity in the biological sense would lose all meaning. A member of one family cannot inherit insanity or the bleeding sickness called hemophilia from a family to which he is not intimately related. Granted that imbecility and color blindness run in some strains, there is no justification for supposing that even a large and apparently uniform population is similarly afflicted.

Once upon a time it might have been said of a small, isolated tribe that any of its members typified the rest. When the first peasants attached themselves to the European soil, when feudal lords forbade their serfs to migrate, when, later still, families of gentry, who lived on the same estates for centuries, were created, the members of these groups had a fair degree of similarity in physical appearance. All these groups were inbred. If the ancestors were uniform, the descendants were almost bound to be uniform. On the other hand, though diverse ancestry may produce families that look alike, brothers and sisters in the same family may resemble one another very little. When it comes to a nation, never is it possible to generalize from the random wayfarer to the whole population. What is true of inbred village communities and noble families is not true of the larger community to which they belong. For, the larger the population, the less inbreeding do we find.

III

Not only do the biologists assume that the traditional behavior of a population is accounted for physically, but they are unwilling to study the variability of human behavior under different social conditions. All the evidence available argues against the theory that a people must conduct itself in a certain way merely because of its physique. Even identical twins, when brought up in different environments, behave differently. Why, then, do the biologists persist in their view? To prove their point they cite different breeds of dogs, brought up under similar conditions and environment, yet adhering to their own pronounced types. Because the bulldog invariably maintains his racial traits distinct from those of a French poodle, however, it does not follow that human groups do the same. Obviously the dog in this instance corresponds not to a nondescript population but to an inbred family line. What we have here is merely the result of long inbreeding. Some families have personalities that are also the result of inbreeding. Our populations are so mixed and consist of so many family lines that

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their common likes and dislikes, their common interests and hopes are not to be accounted for by any simple biological formula.

It is true that whites surpass blacks in meeting intelligence tests. But how good is the evidence? Can we be sure that this mental inferiority of the negro is real? The fact that country negroes are more uncouth than city negroes raises doubts. When we discover that the intelligence quotient of rural negroes who have just come to town is low and that negroes who have lived in town for one, two, three, and more years not only improve in intelligence but finally reach the level of whites of the same social class, we must decline to admit that mental superiority depends on the color of a person's skin. There is not the slightest scientific proof that "race" determines mentality, but there is overwhelming evidence that mentality is influenced by traditional culture.

Certain traits of Asiatics, Jews, and Mediterraneans are both popularly and politically branded as "racial." Here "race" is confused with "nationality." It must be clear to everyone that Germans, Italians, Frenchmen, and other nationals are alike only because they speak a common language and because their social habits are similar for given social strata. The nationals of any groups are not alike in bodily form. North and South Italians, North and South Germans, North and South Frenchmen differ physically. If we are to test our impressions of "race" and, above all, to test the assumption that bodily organization goes hand in hand with a certain way of life and way of thinking, we must test selected groups of the same physical stock. And these groups are not identical with nationalities. Jews, for example, may be British, American, French, Dutch, or Hungarian by birth or acquired citizenship. It is the stock with which we are concerned, when we study "race" — not the nationality.

Conceding this, the obstinate opponents of other "races" than their own still argue that Jews, for example, behave socially very much alike, wherever they may be born or brought up, and this because they all inherit much the same traits from their forebears. If all this were ever true, it certainly could not have been true in historic times, for the good reason that there is no pure human race anywhere. For centuries, tribes swashed back and forth between Europe and Asia and between Europe and Northern Africa. We have had the Celtic and Teutonic migrations, the conquest of Spain by the Moors, the descent of Asiatic hordes on northern Europe, the Turkish invasion and domination of southern Europe, the later colonizations of thinly populated regions, the expulsion of the Huguenots from France and of Protestants from Salzburg, the importation of Walloon miners by Sweden. Thorough indeed has been the scrambling of stocks. What happened in Europe through the force of arms or religious oppression is happening in the United States today more peaceably, more rapidly, more extensively.

IV

Race. What does the word mean? To some, a people descended from the same stock, with each family line incorporating all the physical and mental traits of common ancestors and with individual differences narrowly limited. There is no such race on earth today. Populations are so heterogeneous that even family lines differ. What are hereditary characteristics in one family are absent in another. Moreover, there are strange resemblances where we least expect to find them — Swedes who look like Italians, for example, or Northern Italians who look like Swedes; Jews who have blond hair and blue eyes and pass for North Germans. Individual appearance as a test of race has long since been abandoned by anthropologists. It is too inaccurate, too untrustworthy. To be sure, negroes and East Asiatics are fundamentally different from Europeans. Yet even among the black-skinned negroes or slant-eyed Mongols the variations are wide.

Is there any way, then, of distinguishing one people as a whole from another people as a whole by mere physical appearance or build of body? Not in Europe. Anatomical traits are too varied. And they overlap in populations. In other words, if we decide that fair hair, long heads, blue eyes, and tallness are the unmistakable traits of a Scandinavian, what shall we say when we discover that many Northern Italians are also fair-haired, long-headed, blue-eyed, and tall? If olive skins and dark hair are to characterize Mediterranean peoples alone, we are bound to be discomfited when we discover Englishmen and Americans who might easily pass for conventional Italians, Spaniards, or Greeks. To distinguish one European popu-

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lation from another, we must proceed statistically. In other words, we must set up standards or types and then find out how many members of a population conform with each in different regions. The best that we can do is to say that there are more blonds for each 1,000 of the population in Norway, Sweden, and Denmark than there are in Italy or Greece and that there are more swarthy, dark-eyed men and women among 1,000 Italians than among 1,000 Englishmen. But this is very different from assuming that all Scandinavians are fair and all Mediterraneans dark.

Since it is futile to judge a man's stock by his looks, we turn to his manner. How far is that determined by his bodily constitution? The first mistake that we are likely to make is to assume that, because bodies are stable, bodily functions must also be stable. It is true that, when maturity is reached, the body remains essentially the same for years. But the functions? With exertion, hearts beat faster, the breath comes and goes more rapidly. Digestion is good or bad depending on the food we eat and the exercise we take. Whether or not we see sights or hear sounds depends on our degree of attention. If we are rested, we enjoy life more than when we are tired. Transfer a bookkeeper whose days are passed in a city office over accounts to a mountain peak and hard outdoor labor, and his body responds functionally to the change. Or drop two populations as different in stock as the Japanese and Italians into precisely the same environment, and their bodies will respond in much the same way. Evidently the functions of the body are adaptable. But it is the way of life that dictates what the body shall do, and not the body what the way of life shall be.

What is true of the body is also true of the mind and therefore of social behavior. In a firmly knit community, people think very much alike, dress very much alike, live in houses furnished more or less alike, act very much alike when there is a death or a fire or a wedding, and conform in general to a social pattern or an unwritten social code. To be sure, there are departures from what "decent" people or "good" citizens do in given circumstances — but slight departures. In some inexplicable way, each of us bows to the will of the community. Bodily conformation has nothing to do with all this. His anatomical structure, meaning his six feet of slim body, blue eyes, and long head, cannot make a European of a man born of German parents in the African jungle and committed from birth to the care of natives. We have only to look about us and see what is happening before our eyes in any large American city. Newly arrived Italian peasants, Jews from Hungary or Rumania, Japanese, or Greeks may find it difficult to learn American ways. But the second generation, when fully subjected to American social influences, is American, because it has fully responded to the American environment. So true is this that we behold the sad spectacle of second-generation Japanese with no feeling for the culture of their fathers, thoroughly American in their mode of life and thought, yet repulsed by the whites with whom they should associate. Even the negroes are better off; for at least they think and feel as their parents do. If there were any truth in the belief that social behavior is conditioned solely by bodily structure, the United States would be an aggregation of a hundred different human stocks and cultures instead of a single nation with a common ideal.

V

MAN IS a highly unstable animal. He is changing — visibly changing. The evidence is not based on the astuteness of European hotel porters and shopkeepers who begin to speak English as soon as they see a second-generation Italian-American, because his clothes, his manner, his gestures, his speech are American, but on accurate measurements and comparisons. There is no doubt that immigrants and their children are physically not quite the same. Because of some obscure influence exerted by the American social and geographic environment, appreciable physical differences have been established. This is also true of animals. Lions born in captivity differ somewhat in bodily form from the jungle stock from which they came. If bodies thus change, what becomes of the argument that social behavior is stable?

Apart from the plastic influence of environment, we must also reckon with the uses to which our bodies are put. If the large and brawny arms of the village smithy differ from the more delicate hands and arms of Kreisler, it is certainly because of the different demands made on muscles and ligaments. So with social

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influences. Dr. Foley has observed that the movements of New Yorkers are more rapid than those of farmers or even of those who live in small towns. Factory machines, too, have their effect. Those that run at a rapid and constant speed develop the worker who tends them in a way that is different from others that run at slower or variable rates.

Change the environment, and the social man changes too. There are even complete reversals in behavior. The gesticulations of Italians and East European Jews are supposed to be "racial" and therefore more or less fixed traits. But Dr. Efron and Mr. Van Veen have shown conclusively that thoroughly assimilated Italians and Jews no longer gesticulate in the expected "racial" fashion. On the other hand, Englishmen who have spent most of their lives in Italy have been known to use their hands as if they were Italians. Why this should be so is easily explained. We either unconsciously imitate friends or associates whom we esteem or consciously repress mannerisms that set us apart from the rest of the community and perhaps hold us back economically or socially.

Even the records of crime teach the lesson that, in the end, the environment is irresistible. When the descendants of immigrants violate the law, they run more or less true to American form. If kidnapings account for x per cent of all crimes committed by Americans of Anglo-Saxon ancestry, then kidnapings will amount to approximately x per cent of all the crimes committed by second-generation Italians. Dr. Stoffiet has brought this out by comparing the transgressions of immigrants and their children. If the second generation is more criminal than the first, the explanation is to be sought in the difficulty of overcoming social and economic obstacles.

VI

THE TRAGEDY of these undemocratic prejudices lies in their absurd falsity. Just as there is a stage Jew, a stage Frenchman, a stage Chinese, so in real life there is a symbolic Jew, a symbolic Frenchman, and a symbolic Chinese. We carry this method of generalization so far that we also have a symbolic socialist, a symbolic college professor, a symbolic longshoreman. Each symbol stands for a whole group, and each member of the group is supposed to be the mirror image of the symbol. And, the stronger the popular belief that each class constitutes a clearly defined social group, the more readily is every one of us tagged with a class label.

The Nazis have driven this form of logic to its fanatical extreme. They ignore the elementary facts of anthropology; they confuse race and nation; they seem to believe that languages are inborn, so that Jews or Japanese, even though born and educated in Germany, can never hope to speak German faultlessly. There are Nazi physicists who repudiate relativity because it was formulated by Einstein, a Jew. Professor Bieberbach of the University of Berlin insists that there is a Jewish approach to mathematics. And Professor Lenard, Nobel Prize winner, proclaims his deep conviction that only the "Nordics" have made valuable contributions to science.

We are not free from these tendencies in the United States. There is a rising tide of race prejudice and especially of anti-Semitism and anti-Catholicism. The obvious remedy is education — teaching the indisputable fact that color of skin, class, religious belief, geographical or national origin are no tests of social adaptability. Yet, in the face of this need, we find schools and colleges limiting the number of Jewish teachers and students. It is time to restate the beliefs of the founders of this nation and drive home again the democratic principle that a citizen is to be judged solely by the readiness with which he fits himself into the social structure and by the value of his contributions to the country's development.

Next month:
"The Jews — Self-made Martyrs,
by Maurice M. Feuerlicht

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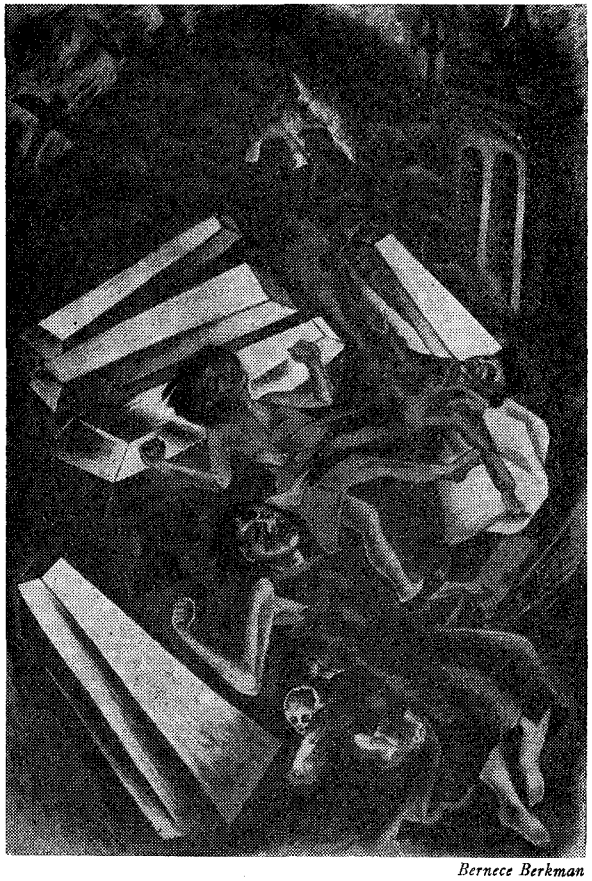
The Artist's Point of View

Big Things Are Happening in Chicago



Bernece Berkman

BIG THINGS are happening in Chicago, and I don't refer to world's fairs, gang killings, or market transactions. Big things in a totally different field. A field in which bigness is not measured in miles, millions, or tons — art. Art events are in the making in the Windy City which have never happened there before, which are finely typical of new trends in American life, and which should do much to make good Chicago's long-time claim of being the cultural center of the Middle West. *Artists are taking the initiative* in cultural events, and *works of artists are being used by the community*. Typical of the former are the activities of the local members of the American Artists' Congress, and of the latter the government art projects.

Artists' organizations in Chicago, as elsewhere, have been largely social or exhibitional. The Chicago Society of Artists and the Chicago Society of Etchers are typical of this easy, limited way.

The Congress breaks new ground. Through it some 600 leading artists of the country are taking a stand on social issues which affect culture, particularly *for* democracy and the building of the civilized life and *against* fascism and war as the destroyers of both. Also, throughout the year they are increasingly taking the reins into their own hands in many new lines of action — an annual congress, publications, symposia, national and regional exhibitions, the expression of professional opinion on current art events such as the Mellon gift, etc. In Chicago growing numbers of vital artists are making local history.

Last April the Chicago Congress staged its own regional exhibition under its own auspices in rented office-building space, thus directly contacting the local public. Artists considered the show the most alive in Chicago in years — the critic of the *Chicago Tribune* confirming this opinion by a wholesale condemnation of "propaganda" after a three-minute inspection visit. Typical of the awakened social consciousness (called propaganda in some quarters) which was evident in some seventeen out of 90 entries is the painting by Bernece Berkman, *No Pasaran*, shown herewith, in which barricades, coffins, and the bodies of women and children are blocking the entry of Fascism into Madrid.

On the government art projects remarkable work is being done. Murals by such strong, developing artists as Edgar Britton, William S. Schwartz, and Edward Millman are going into high schools, hospitals, nurses' homes, and even the Water Department at City Hall. Distinguished sculptures by Rudolph Weisenborn, Emmanuel Viviano, John Prasuhn, and others are going into public buildings. A stained-glass window, contemporary in treatment and spirit, enriches the anatomy museum of the Illinois Medical Center.

This bridging of the gulf between artist and public never did or could happen in Chicago under the old system of private patronage. That it is happening is big news.

RALPH M. PEARSON

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A Page for Poets

Conducted by Henry Goddard Leach

President, Poetry Society of America

When the Poet Complains of Rackets

by **MARGERY MANSFIELD**

Most of the complaints that poets are being exploited boil down to a difference in opinion as to what poetry is and what is of service to poetry. In other cases, the "racket" is the fallen dream of an impecunious young poet, who thinks he has not received the recognition he deserves and works off his resentment by championing other unrecognized poets. He collects money to give them a medium of publication but lives off it before he carries out his plan. Or, avoiding this, he discovers that he has overemphasized the public's support, so he must turn to poets for aid. He may have had other ill-starred literary ventures and he may have changed his pen name several times. But as a racketeer he is surprisingly gentle and charming and he is invariably needier than his "victims." As his trump card he may produce a delicate wife with a new baby. (The baby is genuine.) You may well quail at "investigating" him, for you are going to end by lending him money.

This year I have received a complaint of activities which sound uglier than usual. According to my reports, a writer's organization was first formed and given an impressive name. A magazine was started, with the announced policy of paying for material written by staff members. These members paid for their positions. If the society actually had the three or four thousand members it claimed, why could not the secretary have lived from membership dues, instead of sending frantic appeals to a group of some twenty members?

Some of these latter bought shares in a business that was to print and sell their books and some also urged their friends to buy. This was the bitterest part of their complaints — that they had been induced to victimize their friends. One woman also complains that her name was used as a reference in efforts to get new victims, *after* she was disillusioned. When the investors asked why their books had not been printed, they learned that the secretary had used the money for rent and food and that they would have to raise more money to buy the presses and bookshops. The letters are said to be unusually abusive, and the losses range up to $200 each.

An engaging sideline was the conferring of honorary degrees by a college or two which the secretary said he planned to establish. He would take offense, it was clear, if this honor were not accepted, and acceptance would commit the poet to paying for diploma and ring on the installment plan.

II

If history repeats itself and if you write verse, good, bad, or indifferent, you may have one of the following experiences.

1. Pay for inclusion in an anthology or biographical reference book which is never printed or order copies of some book that is never printed. (If you pester the "publisher" long enough, he may pay you in some other commodity.)

2. The book may be printed but not delivered to you. You cajole and threaten and get the officers of writers' organizations to do the same, till finally the publisher overcomes his inertia and mails your books.

3. You may write a poem you think is very salable and send it to a magazine that has announced a policy of paying for verse. After your poem is used, the editor changes his policy and makes it retroactive. When you protest that you are out the price of a poem, he explains that the magazine is published at a loss to himself, so poets should be grateful.

4. Similarly, prizes may be offered as inducements for poems or subscriptions, but not awarded; or, if awarded, the money may not be paid.

5. Your poem, published years ago in a magazine of small circulation, may be copied by a much better known poet than you, and, after receiving a new title and one or two minor changes, may be sold, under his name, to a large newspaper. You probably could send him to jail for it. (It has been done.) But you cannot get much money for your trouble, since the commercial value of the poem is $7.50. So you complain to writers' organizations and are rather disappointed that they do not jail your man for you or find some way of indisputably restoring your poem to its correct authorship. The organizations may quietly drop the plagiarist from their membership, may ask his best friend to explain to him the folly of making editors afraid to accept his work, but may hesitate to give him a publicity which might close all markets to him; for it is easier to cure a plagiarist than to create a poet.

6. Your poem may be read over the radio or used in a musical comedy or other commercial production without payment, without permission, and perhaps without your name. You may be flattered. But again you may resent it. Particularly if the poem has been badly read or ridiculed in the reading, you may sue. Legally, you haven't a leg to stand on, though the Author's League is trying to get you one. But there are indications that the radio companies intend to do the right thing, if poets indicate what it is. At least there is a trend in that direction. After winning the first round of a legal battle, a radio company settled with a poet out of court. Another professional poet reports the receipt of a nominal fee for the use of his poems by an American company. (Poets are paid in England.)

7. You may answer an ad for a song lyric and be told that no publisher considers words without the music but that the music will be provided for a reasonable sum. You get your music, and the rest is up to you. (This is an old report. It is possible that the current ads are sincere efforts to get song lyrics.)

8. A "publisher," previously unknown to you, offers to publish your book of verse at his own risk, with a ten-percent royalty. You are a successful magazine poet and you furnish him with a list of those who would be interested to receive circulars. Many of these send him money. Time passes, the book is not printed, you go to court to keep faith with your friends and "fans," who finally receive your book from another publisher.

But, if history repeats itself, these warnings will not do you much good.

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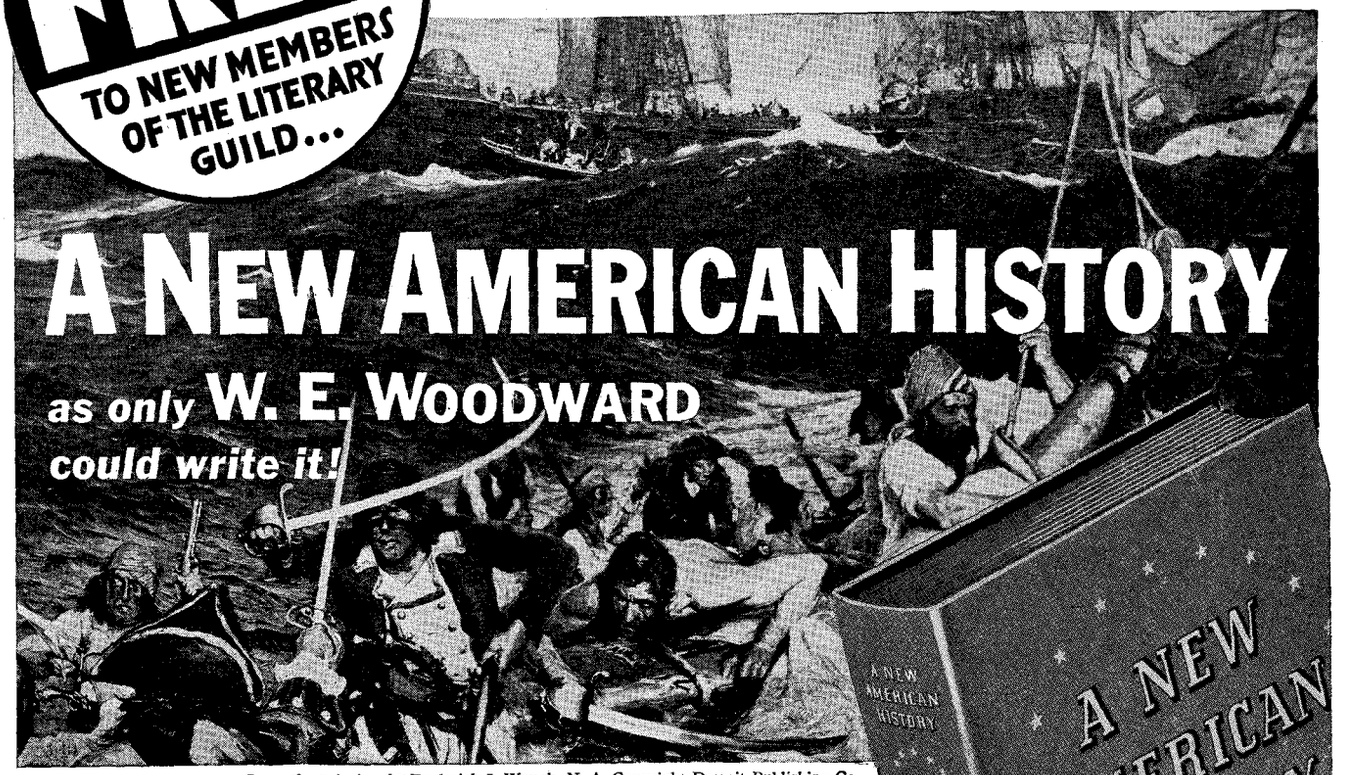

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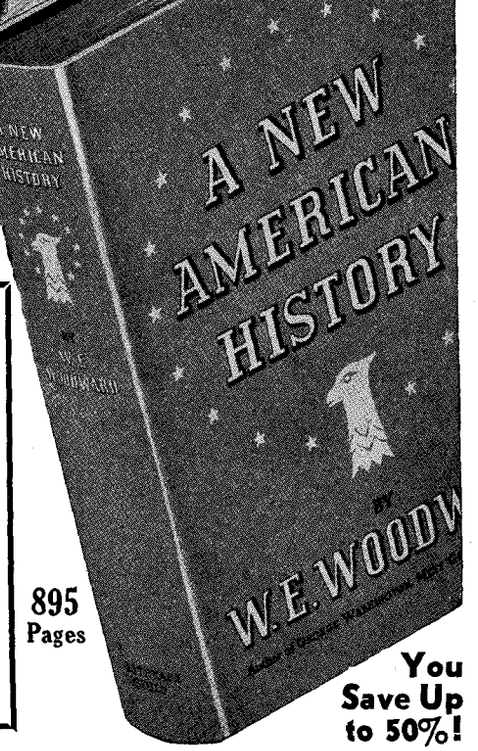

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TOASTS

MAURICE M. FEUERLICHT, Yale '31, since graduating from Northwestern University Law School, has been practicing law in the Middle West and is at present primarily interested in industrial law. In numerous odd moments he claims to "have done personnel work, dabbled in politics, been highly unsuccessful in a brief career as a professional boxer, and written radio script."

BETTIE DILBECK, an ex-newspaperwoman, writes about the "maternity racket" from experience, for she has devoted the last seven years to having three children. She and her husband, a press-association writer, live in Los Angeles. She is writing a "not very serious book" entitled *How to Have a Baby*.

DENIS CONAN DOYLE, who is the son of the great detective-story writer, dedicates himself to communicating with life beyond the grave and races automobiles as a hobby.

CHARLES F. RONAYNE is a New York research man, critic, and writer on sociological and literary trends.

ARTHUR J. MORRIS originated, founded, and is now head of the well-known Morris Plan industrial banking system. He has long fought for consumer credit.

ELLIS O. JONES (a native of Columbus, Ohio, and a graduate of Yale) before he started listening in Los Angeles was on the editorial staff of the pre-War *Life* for nearly ten years, wrote two books on auction bridge and some twenty accepted playlets for stage, screen, and radio.

SALVADOR DE MADARIAGA, a FORUM contributor of long standing, has worked with the League of Nations almost since its inception. His most recent book, *Anarchy or Hierarchy?*, is a sober, middle-of-the-road treatment of modern Spain.

FORD MADOX FORD, the witty English critic and novelist is still investigating the United States in person.

GERALDINE COURTNEY, who holds degrees from a large Midwestern university and who has studied at the Sorbonne, has lived most of her life in a college town where she now teaches French and Latin in a large high school.

NEILSON ABEEL, a Princeton graduate, is Secretary of the American Scandinavian Foundation and an occasional contributor to magazines.

FARNSWORTH CROWDER writes from Colorado that he has practiced at school-teaching, journalism, advertising, and free-lance writing from coast to coast and that he has lived in three Suburbias, finding them significantly similar.

J. H. WALLIS, an Iowan, is a Yale graduate and editor of the *Dubuque Daily News*. He has produced seven mystery novels and three volumes of poetry.

ELIOT KAYS STONE is the enthusiastic leader of the Poets' Assembly in Philadelphia.

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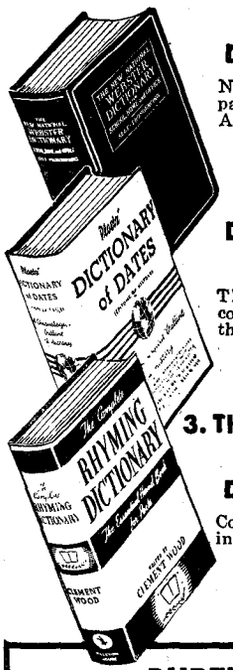

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